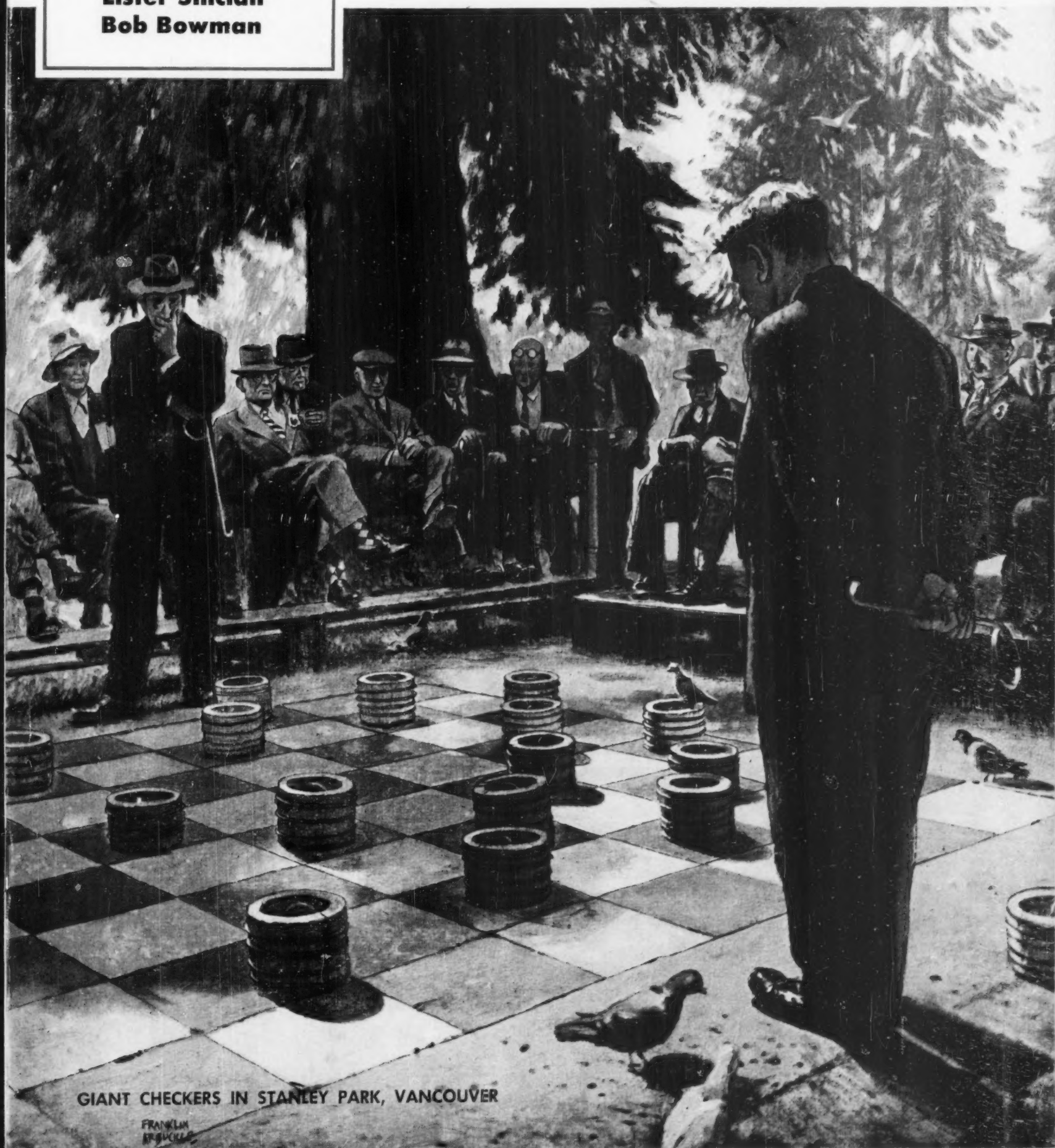


**THE PARTY
I'LL VOTE FOR**

BY: **Hugh MacLennan**
Scott Young
Lister Sinclair
Bob Bowman

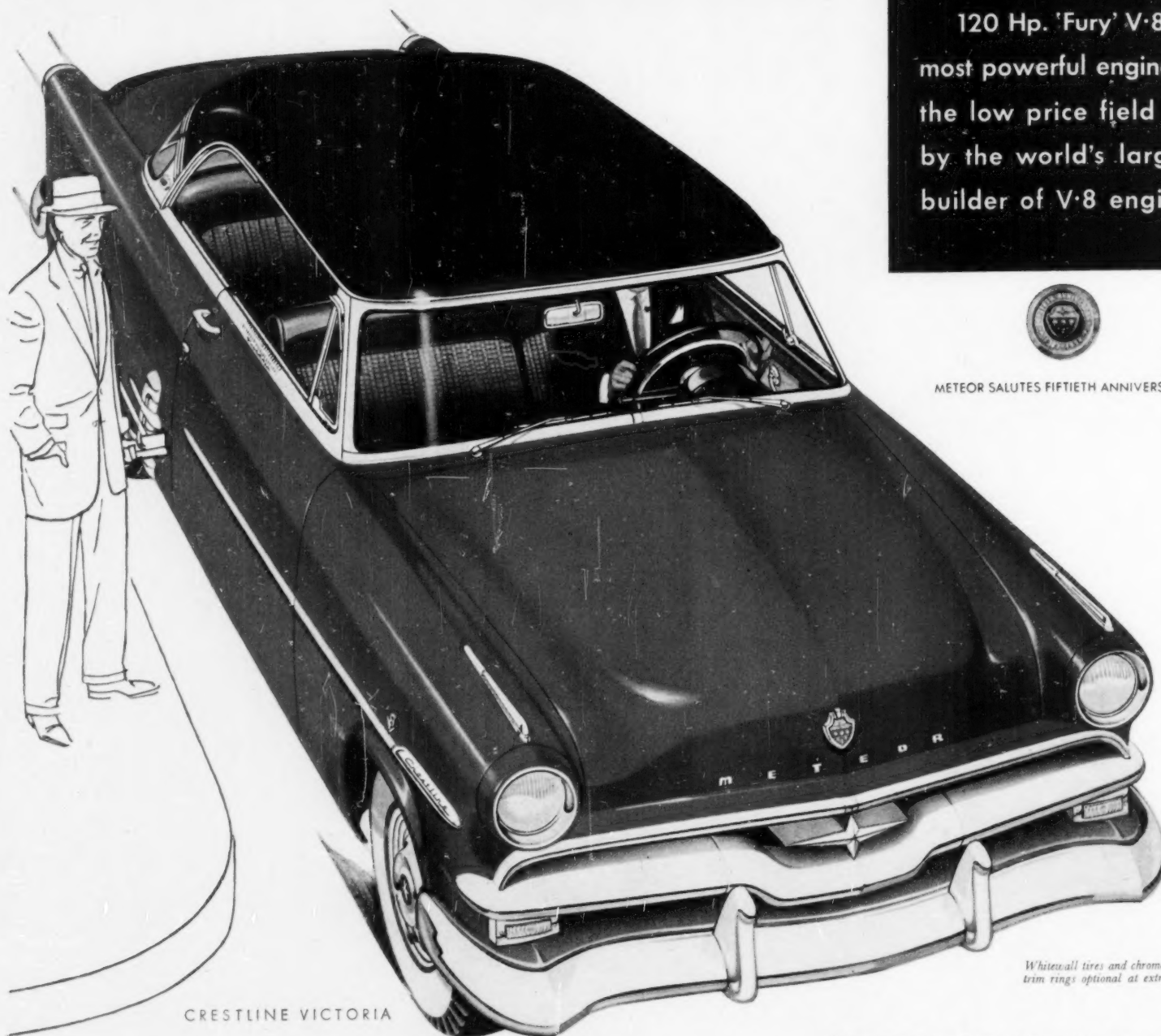
MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 1 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 1, 1953



A word to the wives ...

Government is housekeeping.

And who among Canada's 8,000,000 voters knows most about *good* housekeeping?

The answer is plain to those who have watched Canada's home-makers in action—watched how carefully they have kept within the family budget, despite soaring prices and rising taxes—or watched them shopping, always with an eye to economy, saving where they can, buying wisely always.

The Progressive Conservative Party believes the "lady of the house" is especially concerned with the incredible toll of waste, extravagance and inefficiency in Government at Ottawa. To her, waste of the tax-payer's dollar is no sweeping generality. It comes close to home, *her* home.

Why? Because she no longer has sovereign claim to the family pay cheque. These days, Ottawa has first claim. Income taxes are deducted at source. Indirect taxes are "built in" to the price of almost everything she buys—clothes for the family, furniture for the home, appliances for the kitchen. Quite properly, she feels that since this is earned income her family must do without, then it should and must be well spent by her government. Is it?

The answer is no.

You have only to read the statement of one Government Minister—a Minister who does much of the "shopping" for his Government—to prove it.

This is the Minister who said to Parliament: "What's a million? I daresay my Hon. friend could cut a million dollars from this amount—but a million dollars is not a very important matter."

A million dollars would buy shoes for 200,000 children. A million dollars would put *five million* quarts of milk on family tables. A million dollars would provide the down payment on 400 homes for families now living in crowded apartments or in slums. What's a million—indeed!

But you have more than the Minister's word or that of the Progressive Conservative Party to indicate the extent of waste and extravagance in Ottawa. You have the Currie Report, the McNab Report, the Auditor General's Report—and an almost endless list of items drawn from the Government accounts that prove how needless has been the Government's policy of high taxation.

This brief message is a special appeal to the women who manage Canada's homes. Should the nation continue to support the principle of a one-party political system, the ravages of waste and extravagance, the increased cost of living, will be even more keenly felt *in the home*.

In a democracy, our complete defense is the secret ballot. The Progressive Conservative Party urges you to use it in support of our candidate in your constituency to restore good government and good house-keeping once more to this nation.

In the past four years, over 200 new P. C. women's organizations have been formed in Canada. In this election, at least 7 women will be P. C. candidates, (including the only woman member of the last Parliament), more than any other political party. And it would be far from surmise to predict that a Progressive Conservative Government will appoint the first woman Minister of the Crown in Canada.

the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada

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Illustrated — The Beautiful Bel Air Sport Coupe

A General Motors Value



EDITORIAL

WE'LL ALL VOTE CONLIBCREDIST

NOT LONG ago it was reported that an English horticulturist had produced a delicious fruit called the papple, by crossing apples and pears.

We were reminded of the current general election campaign. Canadian voters are being wooed from all sides by a political conglomeration that might be described as Conlibcredist.

Time was when you could tell political parties apart in this country. A Conservative was for high tariffs and the British Empire, a Liberal for free trade and a loosely associated Commonwealth. The CCF was born with the socialist Regina Manifesto in its mouth. Social Crediters believed the problems of the nation could be solved only by Social Credit, not merely by striking oil.

Not any more. Nowadays the CCF Government of Saskatchewan and the Social Credit Government of Alberta are competing with each other for the good opinion of Bay Street brokers, each trying to convince them it is conservatively sound even if not soundly conservative. A Conservative MP moves a resolution deploring the threat of an increase in United States tariffs, while a Liberal Minister of Trade and Commerce arranges to keep Cuban refined sugar out of the Ontario market because it is being sold too cheap.

A few weeks ago, at a political meeting in Ontario, the Liberal Government was roundly denounced for its failure to bring in health insurance as it promised to do away back in 1945. Denounced by the CCF? Not at all. By a Conservative MP from Toronto.

There are, of course, many people who believe these things are all for the good. The first and highest objective of any political party, their argument runs, is to define and give expression to the will and aspirations of the nation it seeks to serve; the job of the political party is to follow public opinion, rather than to lead it. The state of public opinion in Canada today is such that any political party that hopes to get elected—

today—must be very close to the middle of the road, not nearly so far to the left as the CCF would really like to be, not nearly so far to the right as the Progressive Conservatives would really like to be, not nearly so unorthodox as Social Credit would really like to be, not half so suspicious of state power as the Liberals would be if they really took the trouble to act like liberals.

Here, put bluntly and perhaps a little too simply, is the great danger of this election campaign: the historic labels have lost their meanings. All four parties are seeking desperately to be all things to all people. In so doing they have struck a grey norm which has had the effect of disfranchising thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of those cranky, opinionated violent electors who, by the sheer force of their convictions, make up one of the pillars of democracy. How can an old-fashioned liberal vote in Canada today? Not Liberal. How can an old-fashioned conservative vote? Not Conservative. An old-fashioned socialist or a doctrinaire Social Creditor can vote *against* a number of things, but he has little hope of voting *for* the essence of his political faith.

Perhaps, as we were saying, this leveling out of political creeds makes sense—today. But what about tomorrow? We may not always be blessed by an economic climate in which the only practical test of any party's appeal is whether it can offer more and bigger and better government of the kind we're already getting. In some future time, it's conceivable that there'll be genuine yearnings among the electors for genuine liberalism or genuine conservatism or genuine socialism or perhaps even genuine social credit. The way the old parties have been acting and talking, both in this campaign and in the last few parliaments, it will serve them right if the nation turns to some new political philosophy which has the novel virtue of meaning what it says and saying what it means.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

IN THIS issue Maclean's introduces two new authors, both Canadians, both housewives, both mothers. **Elda Cadogan**, who wrote the short story on page 12, *But You Can Get a Man With a Gun*, is the wife of George Cadogan, editor of the Durham (Ont.) weekly newspaper, the Chronicle. They have two boys and a girl. Besides looking after the kids, helping her husband at the office, and being the only woman member of the Durham Public School



Elda Cadogan



Isabel Baillie

Board and vice-president of the Durham Business and Professional Women's Club, she writes fiction, plays, poetry. One of her plays won an Ottawa Little Theatre

award last fall. She has never had a story published before, and reports that her poetry is still looking vainly for a publisher. . . . **Isabel Baillie**, who wrote *Don't Put Your Heart on a Horse*, on page 18, in private life is Mrs. John Ewonos, of Vancouver. She likes her husband very much but wishes his name were Jones, Ewonos—pronounced Ee-wohn-us—being a bit too difficult for most people to handle. Like Mrs. Cadogan, she has two boys and a girl, and sees her fiction in print for the first time in this issue.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without written permission. Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Printed and published semi-monthly by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited, 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada.

EDITORIAL, CIRCULATION & ADVERTISING OFFICES:
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada.

MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean
HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board
FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President
DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director
THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller
UNITED STATES: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, Guaranty Trust Bldg., Suite 617, 552 Fifth Ave., New York 26; 309 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6.
GREAT BRITAIN: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2.
Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00. Price for all other countries \$4.50 per year.

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.
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Tess came home with a *tan*

Two bright girls on vacation. Tess was the one whom men ignored . . . Martha the one they adored. So, all Tess got was a tan, but Martha came home with a man . . . and a ring on her finger! Moral: If you want to be popular don't tolerate that insidious thing* one moment.



...Martha came home with a *man!*



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London Letter

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Meet Ivor, the Noble Communist

TO ESTABLISH the high social tone of this letter allow me to introduce to you the Honorable Ivor Montagu. Nor is the word "Honorable" used to indicate that he is a member of parliament or anything like that. In Britain MPs are only honorable in the House of Commons but not outside. It is flattering but inaccurate to write to a British MP with that prefix.

Ivor Montagu is "the Honorable" because he is the younger son of the late Lord Swaythling and a younger brother of the present one. In my early years in England I used to spend an occasional week end at Swaythling's country house but found the conversation rather too right wing. They could not have been more traditionalist or extreme Tory if they had been descended from the Plantagenets.

Ivor Montagu has two claims to fame. First, he has for some years been the president of the All England Table Tennis Association; second, he is a fanatical and avowed Communist.

He shocked his rich family by declaring that no one should have more money than was necessary to a decent, modest way of life and, to prove his sincerity, he took a small place in the country, grew long hair and preached the coming of the Red Dawn.

But that was in the twittering Twenties and the thirsty Thirties when the egregious buffoon Sir Oswald Mosley organized his Black Shirts on the Nazi model and marched through the East End of London breaking up Communist gatherings. In fact Sunday became such a brawl between the Reds and the Blacks that Sir John Simon in parliament declared: "A curse on both their blouses."

Ivor, however, was not a belligerent. He is a gentle soul, although more than six feet in height, and in his soul he genuinely longs for a classless brotherhood of man.

Unfortunately he was not content with the mere gospel but made Moscow his mecca, with the Kremlin as the holy temple. To him there was only one country which had really seen the light, and that was Soviet Russia. Needless to say his family was horrified and Ivor became a social outcast except with table-tennis players, Communists and fellow travelers.

When the war broke out in 1939 he saw the truth as clear as the noonday sun. This was a capitalist war with the ravenous capitalist

states of Germany, Britain and France fighting for supremacy. He rejoiced that Russia stood aside from such a vile conflict, but then that was what one expected from a country so far advanced in civilization. The official organ of British Communism, the Daily Worker, denounced the war in the same terms and young Ivor was a frequent contributor. When Russia plunged the knife into the heart of Poland as she reeled back from the German onslaught Montagu and the Daily Worker said that it was an act of righteousness since the Soviet could not allow the Germans to occupy the whole of that unhappy state which bordered on Russia.

I met Ivor about that time and pointed out these salient facts:

1. As a member of the League of Nations Russia had guaranteed the sanctity of Poland.
2. When the British mission was in Moscow in July 1939 trying to create a grand alliance against Hitler's threat to war Stalin was secretly concluding a pact of nonaggression with Ribbentrop.
3. By this infamous pact Russia gave Hitler the all clear for his war on Western civilization.

Montagu said that it was all very sad and unfortunate but that once the mad dogs of war had been unleashed through the dissensions of capitalist states then Russia could not be blamed for safeguarding her life line. Over and over again he repeated that this was a vile capitalist war, and when I reminded him that Russia had given the signal to go ahead with it Ivor replied

Continued on page 30



The Hon.
Ivor Goldsmid Samuel Montagu



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

Last Round Coming Up For The Liberals?

THERE'S A curious trancelike quality to this election campaign, at least in its opening stages. Despite the efforts of ad men and speech writers all parties appear to be going through a prescribed ritual to a foregone conclusion. There is strangely little disagreement among them about the probable result.

Liberals admit they will lose a good many seats. Pessimists among them are afraid they will lack an over-all majority, come back with a hundred and twenty to thirty seats, and be obliged to govern by uneasy alliance with the CCF. Optimists think they may win as many as a hundred and fifty. A sober middle-of-the-road opinion gives the Liberals a hundred and forty out of two sixty-five.

No doubt some Conservatives actually believe their party is about to sweep the country, but these optimists are not met every day except upon public platforms. A commoner and quite cheerful Progressive-Conservative opinion is that they will take ninety or ninety-five seats. Some dream of a coalition with Social Credit (which would have to win at least forty seats to make this dream come true) but that view was commoner before the Manitoba election in which the Liberals won handily and the Social Crediters got only two seats.

Social Crediters and CCF-ers disagree about each other. Each hopes to win twenty-five or thirty seats, mostly in the west. Each thinks the other will be lucky to get fifteen. Neither has any illusions about replacing the older parties in the ascendancy this time, nor are they very far apart in their judgment of how the old parties will make out.

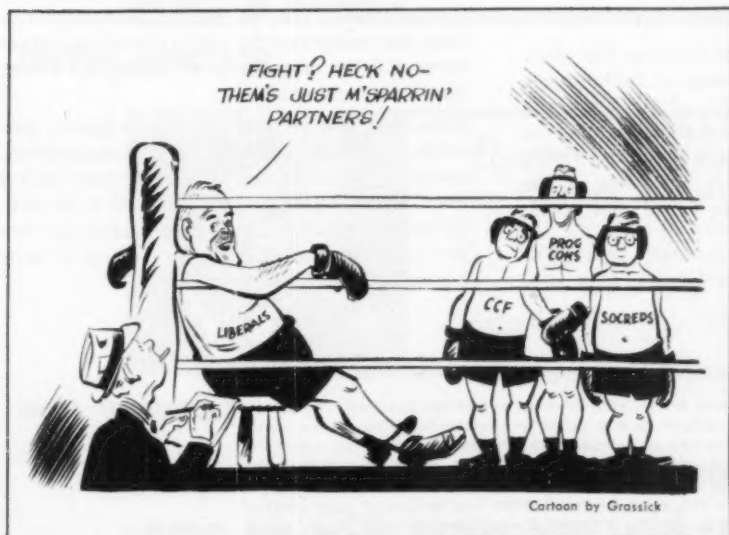
Going across the country region by

region, therefore, you can work out a breakdown of seats that looks plausible to many politicians in all four parties, thus:

West of the Great Lakes the Liberals lose sharply but the Conservatives do not gain. Liberals will be lucky to hold twenty seats instead of the forty they have now. Conservatives will have to fight hard to hold their present nine; Social Credit may wipe them out altogether in British Columbia. CCF and Social Credit would share the gains, with the CCF regaining most of Saskatchewan and Social Credit biting deep in B.C. Liberal and Conservative optimists still hope the B.C. provincial vote will not be reflected in the federal, but the hope is for mere survival at best.

At the other end of the country the picture is very different. Newfoundland, which now is represented by five Liberals and two Conservatives, may return a solid seven Liberals this time. W. J. Browne in St. John's West was in jeopardy anyway; Gordon Higgins in St. John's East might survive by himself, but is very likely to be beaten by the anti-Confederate Peter Cashin, who will split the non-Liberal vote. The reason for the Conservative downturn is that Newfoundland, like Nova Scotia ninety years ago, divided in 1949 between Confederates and anti-Confederates. Since the Confederates had to be Liberal the anti-Confederates voted Conservative. Now the whole province of Newfoundland is pretty well converted to Confederation, as Higgins and Browne both admit. The probable effect of this change will be a Liberal swing.

In the older Maritime provinces the Liberals *Continued on page 43*



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Yet, even when the heart sends out a message of trouble, it does not necessarily mean impending tragedy. For even a defective heart is capable of working for years if not overburdened.

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not to "over-do"; they learned to avoid sudden exertion, and to keep weight at the normal level. They also recognized the value of sleep and relaxation, and the importance of freeing their lives from worry and strain.

Remember that in your physician's hands, you are in *good* hands. For today, physicians are better equipped than ever before to treat and control heart disease—and to guard against it as well. By taking advantage of the help your doctor can give you *now*, you increase your chances of living a good life with a bad heart.

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SPECIAL FIVE-PAGE ELECTION FEATURE:

Four well-known Canadian writers tell —

HOW I'M GOING TO VOTE



HUGH MacLENNAN

HUGH MacLENNAN is widely known as one of Canada's leading novelists. He has published four novels and a book of nonfiction and serves as an associate professor of English, part time, at McGill University. He was born in Cape Breton, the scene of one of his novels, and

grew up in Halifax, the scene of another. He now makes his home in Montreal which will be the scene of the fifth novel on which he is currently working. He also writes for Canadian and American periodicals and appeared on the CBC's television program, Stump the Experts.



SCOTT YOUNG

SCOTT YOUNG, a former assistant editor of Maclean's Magazine, is well known as a successful Canadian free-lance writer whose work has been published in many leading North American magazines. A former Canadian Press war correspondent, he has already published two

books. A third — a story for boys — will be published later this year. Mr. Young, who is Ontario vice-president of the Canadian Authors' Association, is now working on an adult novel with a prairie setting. He is thirty-five, married, has two sons and five acres at Omemee, Ontario.



LISTER SINCLAIR

LISTER SINCLAIR is well known as a poet, playwright and critic. His radio dramas and documentaries have consistently won him awards and his wry opinions are aired weekly in the CBC's radio program, Court of Opinions. Sinclair has published one book—a collection

of his radio plays—and has had three stage plays produced here and in the United Kingdom. He is now working on a second documentary series about the cultures of various peoples, to be sponsored by the Ford Foundation. He is married, has one son, and lives at Kleinburg, Ont.



BOB BOWMAN

ROBERT BOWMAN grew up in Ottawa where his father C. A. Bowman was editor of the Citizen. He became news editor of the Citizen, then joined the BBC in 1934 and gained considerable fame as a commentator and Daily Express columnist. In 1936 he returned to Canada

to help found the CBC. He directed the 1939 royal visit broadcasts, then became a war correspondent. He went to the Far East for the British Ministry of Information in 1943, then reported Washington for Southam newspapers. He now manages station CFBC in Saint John, N.B.

They are not officially connected with any political party and they come up with some unusual reasons for their choices. To find out how they're going to mark their ballots on Aug. 10 see the next four pages ►

Hugh MacLennan tells

WHY I'M VOTING

LIBERAL

CONSERVATIVE

CCF

SOCIAL CREDIT

I WISH I didn't have to vote for the Liberals, those cautious, inhibited trustees.

There is no point in pretending that the Liberals have not managed well. If management were the sole test of good government the Liberals have established themselves as one of the finest governments in the history of the world. They were dealt a strong hand, they played it solidly and we would be churls to be ungrateful to them.

Most of the Liberals in Ottawa are sincere conscientious hard-working men with none of the viciousness that characterizes so many twentieth-century politicians. If they lack greatness it is not because the quality may not be in them but because they have been trained to suspect it, to avoid all manifestations of it, to regard it—one sometimes thinks—as immature.

Mackenzie King was the father of the present Liberal mind. His biographers are telling us that he was a great man, and possibly he was. But he disliked and mistrusted greatness in others. A unique individualist, he wanted men about him who conformed, able managers who kept their mouths shut while the master talked. Year by year the successors of Mackenzie King are getting to look more alike, to talk more alike and to think more like one another. With their discreet double-breasted suits, with their dark horn-rimmed glasses and careful haircuts, with their solid figures neither too fat nor too lean, the present cabinet members grouped around their oval table could pass for the assembled vice-presidents of a Boston bond house.

There is nothing wrong with vice-presidents or even with bond houses, but I don't want to have to vote for men who year by year keep reducing the art of government to a matter of departmental management.

Once our leaders were men who delighted to take chances and the lives they led were sufficiently colorful to keep us interested in them. But after twenty-two years of Mackenzie King an atmosphere has been created in Ottawa in which the taking of a chance is regarded as a sign of incompetence and distinction of language in a political speech as the greatest chance of all.

I was in Ottawa a few years ago when Dr. Hugh Keenleyside got his name in the papers for refusing to shake hands with that notorious ex-Nazi, Hjalmar Schacht. Reporters had asked Keenleyside for an explanation and he had given them one in language so vivid it appeared in the Press of the world. But judging from the reaction of a civil servant the next day, Keenleyside's frankness went unappreciated in the East Block. "Mackenzie King," the civil servant told me, "would have handled Schacht without anyone knowing about it—perhaps not even Schacht himself."

That is one of the reasons why I wish I didn't have to vote for the Liberals. Willie's ghost haunts them still.

To me, Mr. St. Laurent is a far more winning personality than King ever was. I'm proud of Mike Pearson. I know Mr. Abbott balanced the budget and Time Magazine keeps assuring me that Mr. Howe is a wizard. If our system could spawn a Joe McCarthy I would be thankful for these solid unexcitable decent men to keep him in his place. But we aren't threatened with a McCarthy and we are in danger of forgetting that self-criticism and open decisions openly arrived at are the best ways of keeping a political body healthy. We are forgetting that the style in which a thing is done can some-



Reluctant Liberal Hugh MacLennan lives in Montreal where he is working on his fifth novel. He also lectures in English at McGill University.

times be as important as the thing itself. I don't want to have to vote for a continuation of King's style any more than I want to vote for an endorsement of his neurotic caution. It was too much that of an elderly Fauntleroy, with claws.

The Conservatives will keep informing us this summer that the Liberals have been in power too long. So they have been. Through long tenure and superior numbers they have acquired such control over parliament that if the Opposition smells a rat it can seldom flush it. If it does flush it, the Government handles the situation like an old-fashioned father whose children are creating a distasteful scene. I admit that the Conservative press made more of the Currie Report than the facts warranted, but by the time the ructions were over the Government was practically telling us that the Conservatives and the CCF were the real culprits. After all, they were the horrid little boys who had held their noses and pointed.

This is still another way of saying that the Liberals have been in power too long. They have been so successful in forcing their own style and habits of thinking upon us that even the opposition parties copy them, as though the Liberal style were the only one which could succeed in the Canadian democracy. There is no style like it anywhere, except perhaps in Sweden. Their turgid speeches and their air of self-righteousness are aspects of their competence, their narrow but quite remarkable competence.

But a nation's parliament, it seems to me, should be more than a board room where several hundred head-nodders slumber through the recital of departmental reports. Parliament should be the focus of the national mind.

The Liberals treat the national mind much as the officials of a trust company treat the mind of a rich widow whose funds they have been hired to manage. To keep the widow from asking too many questions is always wise. Treat her with courtesy, of course. Talk to her with an occasional sally of ponderous avuncular humour, ply her with accurate reports couched in a jargon she cannot possibly understand, but whatever you do don't let her get too inquisitive about what goes on behind

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ONE OF THE characteristics of democracy is the manner in which a party in power seeks to deify itself in the eyes of the voters. We have an excellent example of that in this country. In the last few years because of our small population, vast wealth, and the way the rest of the world is going, the job of running Canada has presented approximately the same problem as keeping a roller coaster running on its rails. We had to get where we are. But to hear the Liberals talk you would think that they were the only humans who possibly could have got us this far alive.

In reality, they have been able to set the price of the ride and that is about all. If your pocket has been picked, your hat jammed over your eyes, and you have found the crew surly and highhanded, that, they say, is because running this roller coaster is a very tough job and passengers have no right to complain.

Some of you may say, and indeed one person in this Maclean's discussion must be saying in nearby print, that the Liberals are right—only they could have brought us this far this fast. To believe that, however, you must believe that our politicians, rather than our land and its people and the lands and peoples outside of our borders, plot our destiny. But our war was a world war. Our boom is a world boom. The Liberals led us through war and into boom probably as well as any government could have done. But now they have become sick with the maladies of many another elderly government—careless with our money and with their own manners and morals.

That is why my vote is going this time to the Progressive-Conservatives.

I hope it is obvious from the foregoing that my vote is anti-Liberal more than anything else. It is my first political bigotry and it will pass as soon as the Liberals are out of office in Ottawa. In previous elections I voted Liberal more often than anything else but Liberals seemed to govern then according to the principles applied by honest men to their own lives and friendships. Now if I thought Social Credit had a good chance of upsetting the Liberals I'd vote Social Credit; or CCF, if the CCF looked strong and seemed likely to provide a sane and moderate government. But I think that the Conservatives are the only opposition party with the power and tradition to capitalize fully on the undoubted anti-Liberal sentiment there is in the country now. I also think that with five years in office the Conservatives could dispel forever the myth that has been mainly responsible for keeping them out of power most of the time in the last thirty years—the myth held in Quebec that only the Liberals can be friends to the Canadians of Quebec. If this myth could be abolished, Canada once more would be a democracy instead of a nation governed by the autocracy of one political party.

Justice Minister Stuart Garson said in Saskatoon early in June that the issue of this election is St. Laurent versus Drew. I hope not too many people are fooled. Mr. Drew is unpopular in some places. Some people both in and out of his party admit that, while still believing in him. But even his most partisan supporters feel no need to urge the voters to look only at Drew and ignore the men behind him; the men behind him are good. Also, it isn't necessary to be popular to be a good prime minister. Mackenzie King proved that. The Liberals won many elections in the past because people who disliked Mr. King were able to find men around him they could like. The Liberals now, if you can judge by Mr. Garson's statement, would like to have the voters forget the men around St. Laurent and think only of him, the Prime Minister.

And yet one of the common arguments used by the Liberals when they are speaking out of the other side of their mouths is that the Liberal Party has the only men qualified to govern. They ask, where are you going to get another Claxton? Another Gardiner or Abbott? My answer is, such a thing is impossible, I hope. A man better than Mr. Claxton would have shown more concern about the Petawawa scandals, would have let someone else handle his business in France while he came home immediately to justify his appointments and policies which had left the door open to crooks. Instead the main wrath of public and parliament had to be spent shadow-boxing with substitutes. A man better than Mr. Gardiner would have fired the civil servants responsible for ignoring the first signs of foot-and-mouth disease and thus contributing to its spread, and then he would have told the facts frankly to a public whose right it is to know such facts. A man better than Mr. Abbott could not so blandly perpetuate the cynical coincidence by which in election years we are always given our most striking tax cuts, as if they'd been saved for that purpose.

The argument that only these men and their colleagues can run the roller coaster is an insult to the rest of us. In the world situation which has dictated Canada's major policies since 1945 the Women's Guild of the Anglican Church of Omeme, Ont., could have governed this country without disaster. I also think that any honest man could form a national cabinet from the first hundred men he met any Monday morning on the corner of Portage and Main in Winnipeg. That cabinet might have faults, like any other, but it would also have some virtues our present cabinet hasn't got. Finding good men in this country is no problem. The problem is getting rid of the ones whose goodness apparently has run out of gas.

I make none of those statements facetiously. Our main national strength comes from our people. This strength normally will rise up through the government. Our major trouble at the moment is that the Liberals have been in office so long that they have set up a series of weirs and baffles which enables them to interpret our currents of opinion to suit their own desires.

One of the values of democracy is supposed to be change, periodic assaults by fresh eager minds on the nation's problems.

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Scott Young tells

WHY I'M VOTING

LIBERAL	
CONSERVATIVE	X
CCF	
SOCIAL CREDIT	



Scott Young, one of Canada's busiest free-lance writers, somehow finds time for (a) political pontificating and (b) his hobby of outboard boating.

Lister Sinclair Tells

WHY I'M VOTING

LIBERAL	
CONSERVATIVE	
CCF	X
SOCIAL CREDIT	

I PROPOSE to vote for the CCF because I prefer sensible combination to senseless collision. A Victorian novelist describing a crew in a boat race once remarked that "all rowed fast, but none so fast as stroke." The boat lost. There are many places where you go faster and further by co-operation than by competition. A boat race is one. Politics is another.

I believe in human progress; but I do not think we can get it by glorifying selfishness as a public policy. It can only be done by kindness, by foresight, by learning, by leading, by working together. In other words it can only be done by socialism.

Socialism is a naughty word to some people. Perhaps they associate it with the strange misshapen tyranny that has been born of Marxism and Holy Russia. Perhaps they associate it with Hitler's National Socialism. Certainly in previous elections unscrupulous people tried to make us think of the word this way. But it is still a good word and in my opinion the CCF are playing into the hands of the un-socialists by not insisting night and day that they are a socialist party; more, that in Canada they are the Socialist Party and that people who are sick of having their lives ruined by selfishness and shortsightedness should direct their votes to the Canadian democratic socialists.

The nearest thing to this is the CCF though the CCF is not near enough. It's not that it is not democratic; all its pamphlets have evidently been written so as to please everybody, and consequently please nobody. It is not that it is not Canadian, for the CCF knows more about Canadian farm and labor conditions than any other Canadian party (learned the hard way under Liberal, Conservative and Socred governments).

But the CCF is not nearly as socialist as it might be. It sits on the fence on the fundamental question of the ownership of the land, although it is certainly willing to nationalize the vital modern function of insurance. It has done this with great success in Saskatchewan, where automobile insurance is far cheaper than it is elsewhere. Under a CCF government I do not think the insurance companies would keep on putting up enormous marble palaces, built, it would seem, entirely out of their losses. True, the CCF is an organization of co-operatives; but this is not crammed down our throats. We should be made to realize that this is the one Canadian political party that really believes in human welfare and if elected might actually carry out the socialist promises of its platform.

For these days all the other parties appear at election time, damning socialism while promising to carry out socialist measures. They break their promises instead of their principles; but the CCF should try to make it clear that it will actually carry out the socialism it promises.

After all, most parties build their platforms from the very same planks. It is only the experience of years which tells us which are structural and which decorative. For instance, everybody has long been saying that something must be done about doctors' bills, but in recent years only the Liberals have had a chance actually to do anything. They have been working on this for twenty years and the plank is still as good as new. I hope the CCF might do



Lister Sinclair, possessor of one of Canada's best-known young beards, is essentially a radio personality. His smooth-haired hound is named Henry.

better but I cannot be sure so long as it continues to be shy about socialism.

I do not wish to single the CCF out for blame. After all, the Liberals are half-socialist, half-hearted; the Conservatives are eighty-five percent Liberal, and fifteen percent commission; and the only real reactionary conservatives left are the Social Credit who remain, as ever, post-Douglas and pre-Darwin.

The chief argument I hear brought against socialism is based on a fallacy: that the choice is between planning and no planning. Planning is now a naughty word. Yet the alternative, chaos, is not a naughty word at all.

But the real choice is between planning for the few and planning for the many. We are continually being told that what makes profits for somebody is good for everybody. Charles Wilson, the U. S. Secretary of Defense, was widely applauded when he declared: "What's good for General Motors is good for the country!"

The fact is that modern industrial life is a constant struggle between consumer and producer. Advertisements, while rarely misleading in fact, are designed to mislead by implication. We consumers are forced to form organizations like Consumers' Union to try and protect ourselves against being sold shoddy goods. The famous law of competition that we once believed would result in unlimited improvement of quality and service has been largely abrogated, principally by the power of modern advertising. We would all buy the best and the cheapest if only we knew what that best was; and a well-advertised name is nowadays no guarantee of respectability.

All this is a kind of planning. It is the kind that is often planned against the best interests of the people as a whole. It is the kind that is based on the fallacy that what's good for Whoever-It-May-Be is good for the country. Sometimes it may be; sometimes it may not. As far as I can see the only party that is ready to check up on this kind of statement is the CCF. All the others more or less go along with it uncritically. What is more, the exaltation of competition for its own sake leads to waste of resources and effort. I do not like poverty either for myself or others; and Canada, for all its wealth, is still a country in which a great many people are

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PARDON ME, Colonel Brooks, but I'm going to vote for the "crackpots" on August 10, if the Social Credit Party nominates a candidate in our constituency. Yes, I know, since 1936 you've been a grand representative of the N.B. constituency of Royal where I live, and I've often admired the way you have stood up in the House of Commons and fought for New Brunswick and the Maritimes. All the same I'm going to vote Social Credit if there is an opportunity.

There is so little difference between Liberals and Conservatives that usually I am apt to vote for the man rather than the party. This time, my vote will go to the Social Credit Party because it is the last bastion of free enterprise we are likely to have in this age. I like freedom and Social Credit is the only alternative to socialism that meets the needs of this atomic age.

The monetary policy of the Liberals and Conservatives for modern business and industry has not changed from the policy of banking and finance practices of stagecoach days. The older policy worked well a century ago (before the advent of mass production and distribution) but gradually ceased to keep pace with the times as industrial nations moved from one business cycle to another. The result was inflation and deflation, boom and bust.

No successful business today is using a bookkeeping system designed for the nineteenth century. Yet that is what we are using for our biggest and most important business, "Canada Unlimited." Its bookkeeping (monetary) system was designed for stagecoach days, and is sinking us so deeply into a mire of debt that many of us are working one day in three to pay taxes, the interest on government debt. That is why I think the real crackpots are the "financial wizards" who tell us that they are "fighting inflation" while they are boosting the prices of many household articles twenty-five percent by hidden sales and excise taxes. Last year hidden taxes on articles like soap, toothpaste, baby powder and electric-lights were thirty-five percent, but were lowered to twenty-five percent this year of a general election.

That's "sound finance"—to fight inflation by boosting prices.

If it wasn't for federal sales and excise taxes a tube of toothpaste costing forty cents would sell for thirty cents. Baby powder selling for thirty-five cents would be a quarter. Lipstick now costing a dollar would be eighty-five cents. Cigarettes would sell for twelve cents a package. We all know how hidden taxes have increased the price of gasoline and automobiles, which in turn increase the price of practically everything we use. The price of almost everything we use is higher than need be in order to pay the interest on the debt into which we have been bogged down by "sound finance."

I often wonder what our financial wizards would do if the sale of liquor were prohibited again in Canada. Taverns, cocktail lounges and their consequences of drunkenness and crime are becoming so prevalent that the people of Canada may have to rise in protest and accept the lesser evils of prohibition. How could our present bookkeeping system operate without the billion and a half dollars the federal government is collecting this year from liquor taxes? Yet surely it is not right or sensible that our economy should be dependent on the dividends from drinking?

It is obvious that something better is needed, and that "something better" is not a system of tinkering with tariffs or socializing the banks and industries. Over the years Liberals and Conservatives have experimented fruitlessly with tariffs. As for socialism, we have seen how much prosperity socialism brought the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand. Remember a few years ago how our socialist friends used to extol the Utopia of New Zealand? Yet, after a decade of experience, the people of New Zealand discarded socialism after the war. They ought to know. In any case most of us experienced enough government control and red tape during the war to enable us to realize what socialism would be like in days of peace.

A new monetary (bookkeeping) system is what is needed to bring the free enterprise system up to twentieth century requirements, and Social Credit is that system. The only challenging alternative is to socialize the banks. Social Crediters have no faith in socializing things or people. Social Credit would leave banking in the hands of private bankers, as at present, but three new pillars would be introduced to the national economy:

(1) National Credit Account; (2) National Dividend; (3) National Discount.

There isn't space here to explain the mechanism of these measures, but their effect is to co-ordinate the flow of money and production and prevent booms and busts. Social Credit gets rid of debt and therefore the burden of heavy taxation.

Social Crediters want to free the nation from debt and taxation. Liberals, Conservatives and socialists keep piling on debts and taxes. Who are the real crackpots?

My years of interest in Social Credit began from boyhood, at the time of Mayor C. H. Douglas' first challenging articles predicting the depression of the early Thirties, the situation that led to the Second World War and to the struggle in which we find ourselves today. These articles caught the attention of my father, C. A. Bowman, editor of the Ottawa Citizen, and for many years Social Credit views were the backbone of the Citizen's editorial page.

However, in those days monetary reformers were "crackpots." They were ahead of their time. Yet imagine what Roosevelt would have been called if he had spoken of the possibility of lend-lease in the Nineteen Twenties or early Thirties! What we now accept without question as "mutual aid" would have seemed even nuttier. Yet those measures turned the tide of the war against Hitler and the cold war against Stalin. Monetary reform methods are needed today if we are to preserve the free-enterprise system from the enslavement of government control and red tape. *Continued on page 52*

Bob Bowman Tells

WHY I'M VOTING

LIBERAL	
CONSERVATIVE	
CCF	
SOCIAL CREDIT	



Saint John, N.B., is merely Bowman's current background. (That's the surging Fundy he's pointing out.) He's lived in Ottawa, London, Washington.

WHEN CHARLES COLBY walked into the Golden Pheasant he was annoyed to see Spencer Graham already seated at the bar. It wasn't that he didn't like Spencer. As a matter of fact, there were few men he liked better. But he wasn't in the mood for anybody's company and, least of all, Spencer Graham's. He slipped by to a stool farther down the bar.

The trouble with Spencer, he thought gloomily, is that he's just too damn lucky. Spencer was the heir to the Graham refrigerator fortune. And, as though that weren't enough, he was also the handsomest man Charles had ever seen. Tall, with blue-black wavy hair and ocean-blue eyes, he had a smile that stopped every girl who saw it dead in her

tracks. He had a pleasant disposition, too—as who couldn't, Charles thought, with all that money. And he was witty.

To Charles, whose first book had been flatly and unkindly rejected that morning, the sight of Spencer was definitely not what the doctor ordered. A long, moody, soulful drink with himself was. And he had decided on the latter, when he involuntarily glanced at Spencer again.

Even to an eye dulled with sorrow Spencer did not look his usual urbane self. He was slumped in an attitude hinting faintly at dejection. He was not exchanging pleasantries with the barman, as was his custom. Instead, he slowly twirled his glass round and round in absent-minded circles, gazing

into the liquid intently, as if he expected to find the answer to a problem in its amber depths.

Charles hesitated. Was it possible that Spencer, the darling of the gods, the absolute apex of manly perfection, could be in trouble? The idea seemed fantastic. He had known Spencer ten years and never once had seen the slightest cloud on that amiable countenance. Still, the impossible had been known to happen. And Charles Colby was not the man to miss such a miracle when it appeared to be happening right under his nose. He picked up his glass and sauntered over to the empty stool beside his friend.

"How goes it?" he asked, and the question, for once, was sincere. He waited for the answer.



BUT YOU *can* GET A MAN WITH

If there was a beautiful girl in Canada whom Spencer hadn't dated it was only because he hadn't seen her. But Dorothy was different. Very, very different

By ELDA CADOGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH



"Fine," Spencer replied, in a tone that caused Charles' ears to tingle pleasantly. After all, he was a writer, however unsuccessful. He could not quite place Spencer's tone of voice. He could almost catch its meaning, yet it eluded him. It savored of sorrow but there was joy in it too. There was something of pride in it, and, at the same time, something of humility.

Charles had the wit to pursue his quarry cautiously. He knew that this was a ticklish moment. Spencer was of two minds; the one to confide everything, the other to confide nothing. An ill-chosen word would send him hurtling over the fence on the wrong side.

Charles allowed a companionable silence to

develop. But he put it to good purpose by sliding furtive glances at his friend's face in hopes of getting a lead. It was useless. The face matched the voice. Whether it was great sorrow or great joy or great perplexity that filled Spencer's heart, he could not guess. When nothing developed he ventured another inane question.

"How's the work going?"

"Very well," Spencer answered, something of his old confident expression showing in his eyes. "Very well, indeed."

Spencer was chief of the advertising department in his father's firm and his heart and soul was wrapped up in it. Not many knew that the agency handling this big account wrote few of the sophisti-

cated ads that sold Graham refrigerators. Spencer wrote them. And this was another sore point with Charles Colby. One golden word of Spencer Graham's gathered in more shekels than the ponderous reams he himself turned out with such agony. Spencer's prose scintillated. It inspired. It sold. Charles Colby's prose limped along through interminable pages and did not sell at all. It was while he was still mourning this inescapable fact that Spencer dropped his bomb. In fact, Charles had become so deeply immersed in comparing Spencer's success with his failure and in pondering the injustice of it all, that he almost missed the fatal words.

"What did you say?" he asked, stupidly. "I thought you said . . ."

"I did," Spencer answered firmly. "I said I got engaged last night."

"Engaged to be married?" queried Charles, incredulously.

"What else, you ass!" his friend ejaculated, with complete good humor.

Charles reeled.

The news that a man is engaged to be married may be the cause of merriment to his friends, but rarely such surprise as the announcement seemed to bring Charles. To understand it, one had to know Spencer Graham.

If there was one small flaw in Spencer's character it was his behavior with women. And even then, the flaw was one which commanded the respect and admiration

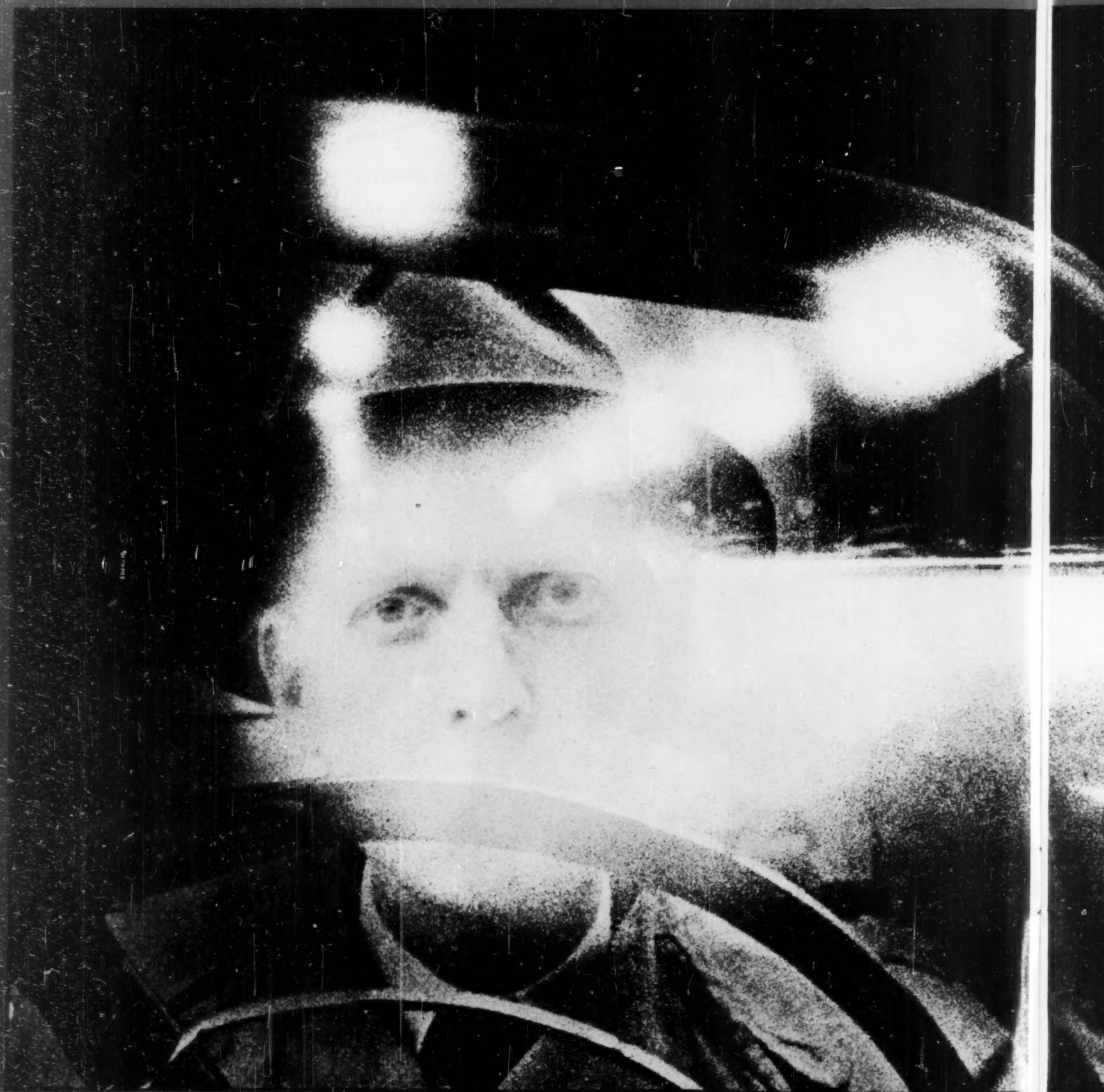
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A GUN



Many lesser men would have been delighted to catch some of the crumbs from Spencer's bounteous table.

The Hidden Menace of the S



Superhighway



**The better roads get,
the more people die on them.
This baffling puzzle
confronts safety experts
and highway engineers
who warn you this summer
to beware of
high-speed hypnosis**

By FRED BODSWORTH

PHOTO BY PANDA

CANADA AND the United States stand at the threshold of a new era of automobile driving—the superhighway era. But as wider, smoother, grander highways unroll across the continent in great ribbons of arrow-straight concrete, it has been proved again that all the laws of human behavior and logic fail to apply when you are dealing with that bewildering breed, the car driver. Right now the car driver is confounding the safety experts with the most puzzling contradiction of automobile history.

It doesn't make sense, but the fact is becoming increasingly obvious that the "safer" you make a highway—the more curves you straighten out and the more intersections you eliminate—the more motorists kill themselves, and others, on it.

Superhighways like Ontario's new Toronto-to-Barrie two-laner on which a motorist can roll along for fifty miles without having to slow down for a stop light, curve or intersection are super all right. But are they safe?

"Superhighways are safe," insists J. D. Millar, Ontario Deputy Minister of Highways. "Their higher death toll is because drivers haven't learned how to use them yet." And every North American highway safety expert agrees. For here is one instance where statistics surely are confusing.

Ontario has a fatality rate of eight persons killed per hundred million vehicle miles of travel. This includes cities where the toll is boosted by large numbers of pedestrian deaths. The highway rate alone is believed to be six to seven. Yet the Toronto-to-Burlington section of the Queen Elizabeth Way—until last year Canada's most modern highway—has had a ten-year average fatality rate of about twelve per hundred million vehicle miles. The Toronto-Barrie superhighway, just opened last year, has so far had a fatality rate close to ten.

Pennsylvania's fatality rate, including cities, is five, yet its Pennsylvania Turnpike—three hundred and twenty-seven miles of the finest superhighway on the continent—has a fatality rate of eight. New Jersey's rate is four, the New Jersey Turnpike 6.5. Connecticut's rate is 3.8, the rate of its Merritt Parkway close to eight.

When the Queen Elizabeth Way was opened in 1940 (cost: ten million dollars) its designers said it would cut highway fatalities sixty percent and be the safest highway in Canada. But that eighty miles of smooth pavement joining Toronto and Niagara Falls immediately became the most dangerous highway in Canada. In 1940 its fatality rate per hundred million car miles was eleven. In 1941 the fatality rate soared to twenty-four per hundred million car miles. In 1942 it dropped to eighteen, and in the usual superhighway statistical pattern it has been dropping slowly ever since as drivers adapt to the new techniques of superhighway driving. But it is still well above the average for other Ontario highways.

On the other hand the total number of accidents on the Queen Elizabeth has remained slightly below the provincial highway average of around four hundred per hundred million miles.

The discrepancy between accident rates and fatality rates is explained by the most significant statistic of them all—on Ontario highways as a whole, two percent of accidents are fatal, on the Queen Elizabeth more than three percent are. And even this figure doesn't tell the whole story, for double and triple fatalities are much more frequent on the Queen Elizabeth, but each one rates statistically as a single fatal accident.

The most revealing lesson from the Queen Elizabeth appears when its "best" section is compared with other sections. For four miles west of Toronto to No. 27 Highway *Continued on page 33*

WE CAN LEARN

ABOUT

ROMANCE

FROM THE BIRDS



Honeymooning herons tie their slim necks into veritable lovers' knots.

SINCE HUMAN beings and birds are the bipeds of this world I think we should feel more affinity with the birds than we do. Birds, of course, have bright-colored feathers, a crest, spurs and a song, whereas man is naked, colorless, covers himself in a business suit and shaves off his beard. But in the realm of love we are surprisingly similar. In fact, considering the niceties of courtship, the virtue of faithfulness, the balance may be somewhat in favor of the birds.

Equipped with a pair of wings that are useful only in flying and with a toothless beak that doesn't

Penguin romance is complicated by identical appearance of the sexes.



afford a good solid grip, the bird starts his love-making from a handicapped position.

Just suppose that your hands are tied behind your back and you meet the girl of your choice. You can follow her, whistle at her, jump up and down to attract her attention, but you can't stop her going where she wants to go. The two of you must be in tune body and soul for any co-operative venture. So birds must woo in order to get together and must keep on wooing to stay together, and they appear to have carried it farther than most humans do.

Birds fall in love. Birds get engaged. Birds get married, some of them until death do them part, some—like the common house sparrow—on a seasonal or Hollywood basis; only a minority get together for procreation alone. This is no parody on the human comedy. It is the real thing, lacking only officialdom; betrothals and marriages are as fully recognized within the bird community as common law can make them in human society.

When a gander meets a goose, as with boy and girl, it is often a case of love at first sight. Whether it happens suddenly or only after careful mutual inspection the engagement is announced by a loud triumphant cry, perhaps a testing of their feeling that two can honk as one. The marriage which follows is a consequence and not a cause of the partnership, and forever after both remain faithful. Even death fails to break the bond: the greylag goose widow or widower remains a solitary, lonely bird until its own days come to an end. What more can you ask?

For most of the smaller birds marriage is for the season and couples break up when parental duties for the year are over. The wonder is that creatures so short of wits and understanding can be that faithful.

Yet many small birds do marry for life, although those that do nearly always undergo a long engagement—as childhood sweethearts in fact. Bearded tits for instance become engaged at ten weeks while still in their juvenile plumage, a full nine months before they are ready to mate. The male eventually grows deep black tail feathers and black mutton-chop whiskers with which to impress his mate, but long before he gets them he shows off as though they were already grown, like a boy showing off the first down above his upper lip. Yet it is not puppy

love, as is usually the case with young humans, but the glowing beginning of a lifetime partnership. Each gets to know the other by looks and gestures and personality as distinctively as if they were a man and a maid with an absorbing interest in one another, becoming familiar with all those little intangible things that add up to make each individual different from every other. The companionship grows with every tender caress until the betrothal becomes practically unbreakable. Jilting is unheard of, or almost so.

One of the great problems for birds, of course, is to start an acquaintance. Personality, character and emotional mood mean more than a pretty shape, and, in any case, one bird looks much like another, even to a bird—at least until they get to know each other. Some birds look more alike than others, not only to us but to themselves. Penguins in particular have a lot of trouble this way. A male penguin can tell a female only by the way she acts. He must approach the prospective mate in just the right way and, in fact, a hopeful male never knows what he is starting. All he can do is to go up to a likely-looking individual and make an offering of a pebble or a feather, having little else to proffer, and hope for the best. If the gift is ignored he may have picked on an unwakened maiden; if he gets a good hard pecking he has found a thoroughly insulted gentleman; only when the gift is graciously received does he know he has met the right kind of girl. Then the courtship can proceed, they get to know each other, and eventually take up their family duties.

With penguins this is an annual procedure, for once the chicks have been reared and the penguin colony dispersed far and wide across the southern ocean, there is little prospect of the same two partners pairing up again. Yet for the season they are faithful to one another, whether or not their marriage is all that can be desired. Just like the people on your street, some penguin couples live in amorous serenity, others bicker and squabble from morning to night. But they are wedded for better or for worse, even though there is a time limit.

Bird and human behavior are spurred by the same emotions. But, while birds are governed by them, man has an overriding intelligence that complicates the situation—his head and his heart are too often in conflict. Birds, no matter how

By **NORMAN J. BERRILL**, Professor of Zoology, McGill University

DRAWINGS BY GRASSICK

intense their love life may be, are at the best dim-witted individuals, and even the wise old crow is wise only by comparison. A male ruffed grouse will attempt to mate with a dead grouse, or even a skin.

In the matter of courting a bird knows no restraint. The male ostrich pursues a hen a number of times, and, to complete the courtship, flops to the ground with his head thrown over his back and rolls from side to side, displaying his plumes in wild abandon; and in the end has to sit upon the eggs in his spectacular courting dress—a man in white tie and tails, nursing the baby.

There are birds that manage to fly and embrace each other at the same time, a feat unmatched by any other living creature. Birds of prey use their feet and legs more for grasping than for walking. Their voices are harsh, their feathers are for flight alone, and only flight itself is left as an outlet for intense emotion. Those who have seen the courting of kites and eagles have found it breathtaking. One pair of kites were seen to clasp each other's claws high up in the air and remain poised in an upright position with beating wings for several seconds. As they began to fall they started to revolve with their interlocked claws as an axis, slowly at first, then faster and faster, although always with an amazing control, until they almost reached the ground. Four times the falling, whirling embrace was repeated.

Unlike humans who can look in mirrors to see what they look like, birds are more aware of the appearance of others than of their own. Normally they live with birds of their own kind and all is well, but almost anything can happen on a farm or in a zoo. A female barnyard goose, a solitary survivor of a brood, fell violently in love with a Rhode Island cock, prevented him from making love to his hens and took no notice of a gander brought in for her. A male white peacock in a Vienna zoo, brought up alone with only giant tortoises for company, could see no other form of beauty or desire.

Love transfigures birds. They are highly emotional, for all their lack of intelligence, and are keyed up to an intensity of living that we find hard to comprehend. With a degree and a half of fever, or a temperature of 100 degrees, our minds are overactive and we have a quickened sense of time; but a sparrow races through life at 111 degrees and even the common fowl above 104. These for us would be killing temperatures and the pitch of awareness and emotion that goes with them would soon wear us out. It is not surprising then that birds, with the hottest blood on earth, love with an ecstasy we humans can't hope to know.

Julian Huxley watched herons on the coastal plains of Louisiana and wrote glowingly of their love raptures. After the flocks have flown across the Gulf of Mexico and have broken up into pairs,



Lyrebirds need Caruso voices plus fine feathers to woo coy females.



We bipeds share many "ways of a man with a maid" — but with birds it's for keeps.

each couple indulges in a passionate interlude instead of building a nest at once. Male and female cuddle together in a honeymoon as true as any of our own; and its unconscious motive is the same—the welding together of male and female mentally and emotionally for the purpose of raising a family.

Heron honeymoons are relatively short but they make up for that in intensity of feeling. Every so often their welling emotion bursts out as violent movement, beating of wings, strident shrieks and the intertwining of necks. "Their long necks," says Huxley, "are so flexible that they can and do make a complete single turn round each other—a real true-lovers' knot! This once accomplished each bird then—most wonderful of all—runs its beak quickly and amorously through the just-raised aigrettes of the other, again and again, nibbling and clapping from base to tip. Of this I can only say that it seemed to bring such a pitch of emotion that I could have wished to be a heron that I might experience it."

Every year throughout their lives the heron honeymoon is renewed, growing in passionate meaning with every passing spring. There is never any sign of the coolness of habit or bored indifference you too often see in older married human couples. And, when family cares are heavy and one of the pair of herons has to stand guard at the nest, he or she watches anxiously for its mate. As soon as it spies the other, no matter how far away, it ruffles its feathers, beats its wings, and shrieks. The excitement mounts until once again they are together. They cuddle in passionate rapture every time they meet and again each time one or the other has to leave.

Australian lovebirds also spend their lives in an eternal honeymoon, never intentionally leaving one another, even for a moment. To them separation spells death. Courting in the bird world, it seems, may get you a mate, but you have to keep it up to live happily ever after.

Only one bird appears to have gone further. This is a New Zealand crow which has extended the emotional bondage to that of the stomach. Neither member of a pair can get a meal alone. They must marry as soon as they leave their respective parents and must stay married. Bachelors, spinsters, widows and widowers cannot survive. Each couple works together as though it were a single woodpecker.

The male with his strong beak taps and digs the bark of trees to reach the insects living beneath, but he cannot get them out. Only the female with her long slender beak can extract them, which she does and then shares them with her mate; but she cannot make the hole.

With herons, geese, lovebirds and many others, the courting and necking is reciprocal, and together in close harmony the couple strengthen their emotional and psychic bonds. But in other cases, particularly where the male not only has to make all the advances but is ripe and ready weeks or even months before the female, the strain is obvious and the effort is great.

The lyrebird, famous for his song and for his lyre-shaped display of tail feathers, spends much of his time for several months standing on display mounds in the fern and gum forests of Queensland, showing off his finery and singing for all he is worth. Why? Because he is master of his territory and must continually proclaim the fact, and because he has a female watching him from up a tree and she must be kept interested. The trouble is that he has to claim and hold his ground early in the season in competition with other males, and then, once successful, he has to gain

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Male bowerbird is cynically aware that bright baubles lure females.



It was called Edinburgh Rock. If it won then Fiona would hurry back where her love began.

DON'T PUT YOUR HEART ON A HORSE

When Pop put Fiona's hard-saved money
on her hunch horse he knew that if she won
then he had lost—everything

BY ISABEL BAILLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

IT WAS the first time Pop Janowski had been to the race track and he stood in his place before the wicket and cleared his throat nervously.

"Ten," he said pushing the two ten-dollar bills across the counter. "On number seven, to win." He wondered whether he should explain that he wasn't betting for himself, but for his daughter-in-law, Fiona. "It's for Fiona," he began shyly, but the man in the green eyeshade pushed the ten two-dollar tickets toward Pop and said briskly "Next?" and Pop picked up his tickets and coughed nervously again as he walked away.

It would have been nice, he thought, if he could maybe have told the man that Fiona couldn't afford to bet all that money on a horse, now that she was a widow. Maybe the man would have said, "Take your money back. That horse is no good." Fiona would have been glad then, glad to know that even with Eddie gone, there was still a man in the house to look after her and the little Gavin. Sometimes Pop felt that he wasn't much help, with just that little pension he got from the railroad and his heart not so good, but there were some things he could do, like today, coming to the races.

Oh, but he would come to the race track ten times over if it would make her look as she had looked this morning, smiling and flushed, her blue eyes alive the way they had been when she had first come from Scotland as Eddie's bride.

"I'm crazy, Pop," she had said this morning, her smile catching the dimple in her cheek, "I'm crazy I know, but I'm betting my shirt on a horse called Edinburgh Rock." She had laughed excitedly. "Don't try to talk me out of it. Don't mention coal for

the winter, or a new storm window—or Gavin's bike. I'm determined."

She had thrown the twenty dollars down on the table, and Pop, sensing her mood, and matching his with it, had grabbed up the money.

"Done," he had cried. "Show me the horse."

Well, it was done all right. He had bet the money for her, but he had lost his enthusiasm.

But maybe, just maybe, the horse would win and Fiona would laugh again. Pop had the feeling that she had forgotten how to laugh. Not just with the mouth, but deep down in the heart. Oh, but he knew how she felt for he had known the emptiness after Momma had died. Eddie and Fiona and then the child Gavin had helped him.

He watched anxiously as the bugle sounded and the horses came into the track from the paddock.

Number seven danced into the gate, and she was brown and shiny as a chestnut. There was a meadow when Pop had been a boy, where the soft breezes whispered down from the Carpathians, and when the grass was still wet from the dew Pop had gone with his brother Fedor to get the horses. There had been horses there in the meadow like this one.

She looks good, Pop thought, narrowing his eyes, remembering the horses of his youth. Ah, but then they all looked good. And up there on the board you could see that not so many people thought she was the horse for the race.

Twenty dollars, Pop thought. I should have asked the man. He got to his feet hesitantly, but it

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The old man hung his head. "I wanted to go with you," he said. Fiona fought back the black hate that boiled within her.



Janis 1982

IN MANY MURDER CASES

ONE PSYCHIATRIST SAYS THE KILLER IS SANE WHILE ANOTHER INSISTS HE IS NOT.

A MODERNIZED CRIMINAL CODE MIGHT HELP THE COURTS TO

STOP H

By Sidney Katz



IT FREQUENTLY happens that the Canadian judge, lawyer or juryman who has participated in a murder trial where the sanity of the accused has been in question has come away haunted by the terrible question: Has a mistake been made? Has there been a miscarriage of justice?

Such doubts are not uncommon because our present legal system of deciding sanity reduces many trials to a battle of experts. Crown psychiatrists testify the accused is sane and should be punished; defense psychiatrists testify that he is insane and should be acquitted on grounds of insanity. Conflicting evidence often leaves the jury in a quandary and the general public in confusion.

At the root of the present confusion are the so-called McNaghten Rules, written by a group of English jurists in 1843. The legal tests for insanity set forth in the Canadian Criminal Code are based directly on these rules. Despite the advances of medical knowledge during the last one hundred and ten years, they have remained unchanged. The result is that there now exist two kinds of insanity—"legal insanity" and "medical insanity." In effect, what is a sound arm in law can be a broken arm in medicine.

The issue of sanity is so frequently debated in our courts because of the close relationship that exists between mental disorders and crime. Authorities like Dr. L. P. Gendreau, Deputy-Commissioner of Penitentiaries, estimates that twenty percent of criminals suffer a severe form of mental illness or are mentally deficient; that probably even a larger percentage are psychoneurotic—a milder form of mental illness.

The McNaghten Rules can be summarized as follows:

Every accused person is presumed to be sane at the time the crime was committed until the contrary is proved.

To establish a defense on the grounds of insanity it must be clearly proved that at the time of the crime the accused did not appreciate "the nature and quality" of his act or that what he was doing was "wrong."

A person laboring "under a specific delusion but in other respects sane, shall not be acquitted on the grounds of insanity unless the delusion causes him to believe in the existence of some state of things which, if it existed, would justify his act."

The specific objections which doctors have to the McNaghten Rules can be summarized from the replies of eighty-six Canadian psychiatrists who were polled by Dr. G. H. Stevenson, until recently professor of psychiatry, University of Western Ontario:

First: The Criminal Code repeatedly uses the term "insanity." "This is entirely a legal term," comments Dr. A. Crisp, a Toronto psychiatrist with wide courtroom experience. "No such illness exists; no such condition is ever mentioned in a modern medical textbook." The correct terminology today is "mental illness," "psychotic," or "mentally deficient."

Second: The Criminal Code holds that a man is sane and therefore responsible if he appreciates "the nature and quality" of his act or that the act was "wrong." Dr. Kenneth Gray, professor of forensic psychiatry, University of Toronto, asserts that this test of sanity is

inconsistent with current medical thought. "The code only describes a test of intellect and memory," he says. "Mental illness also involves the emotions. What good does it do the homicidal psychotic to know what he's doing, or that what he's doing is wrong, if he's incapable of acting in any other way?"

Third: The Criminal Code speaks of an individual who is suffering from "delusions" but is in "other respects sane." Comments Dr. J. D. M. Griffin, director, Canadian Mental Health Association: "No psychiatrist has ever seen such a person. If he has delusions he's mentally ill." While the law does recognize that a man with severe delusions can be insane this is frequently canceled out by the over-all test of sanity stated earlier—knowing the "nature and quality" of his act and that the act was "wrong."

In the same poll the psychiatrists were critical of our courts' procedure for deciding the sanity of an accused. Psychiatric evidence, they felt, should be presented by a neutral panel of experts rather than by crown and defense witnesses who often give diametrically opposed opinions.

The final criticism—and the most controversial—is that juries of laymen are often incapable of making sense out of the reams of technical and conflicting evidence presented by psychiatrists. "The jury continues to flounder in its own incoherencies and mistakes," says Dr. Rosario Fontaine, Quebec government medico-legal expert. Many medical men who favor the panel method of submitting psychiatric evidence believe the psychiatrists' report should be discussed in front of the judge by the lawyers, without the jury being present, after which the judge could reach his own decision about the accused's sanity.

On this point medicine and the law are in sharp and probably unalterable conflict. Departments of justice, judges and lawyers are opposed to limiting the powers of juries. "Trial by jury is the fundamental right of every citizen," says C. R. Magone, Deputy Attorney-General of Ontario. "In the long run, juries make fewer mistakes than anyone else. When they do err, they err on the side of humanity."

The Murder of Alice Alguire

The confusion inherent in our present system of deciding sanity is illustrated by the trials of Elias Meek, aged nineteen, who worked on the farm of Allan Alguire, near Cornwall, Ont.

On Sept. 28, 1951, Alice Alguire, the young wife of Meek's employer, was found murdered. She was lying in a passageway that led from her kitchen to a shed. Her head had been bashed with a hammer and her abdomen had been stabbed several times. Beside her lay a butcher knife and a bread knife.

Meek, the quiet uncommunicative youth who had been the Alguire's farm hand for two years, had disappeared. Police and farmers, armed with rifles, combed the swamps surrounding the Alguire farm. Their search came to an abrupt end at 4 a.m. when Meek, dirty, unshaven and blue with cold, gave himself up to the police. An hour later he had

HANGING THE INSANE

signed a confession for the Cornwall Township Police which read in part:

I haven't been getting along with Mrs. Alguire for two weeks... I went to the house... Mrs. Alguire was doing the washing... I don't know what made me do it but I grabbed her and choked her. I had a hammer and hit her... She was lying down and near gone when I went to the kitchen and got two knives. One was a bread knife, the other a meat knife... I stabbed her.

Later, asked by police why he took two knives, Meek explained, "One of them was dull."

There was no apparent motive for this brutal murder. Only a short time before the crime Meek had told his brother how fond he was of both Mr. and Mrs. Alguire. It was only after the trials got under way that some light was shed on the inner workings of Meek's disordered, saturnine mind.

The defense counsel, J. C. Horwitz, QC, of Ottawa, asked that the jury find Meek not guilty on the grounds of insanity. Meek, he said, was mentally ill and suffering with delusions. He imagined that Mrs. Alguire had been going about the countryside for some weeks talking about him in a derogatory manner. Meek admitted he had no proof of this, but he was convinced that people were now looking at him "queerly" and that they regarded him as "crazy." He felt that he had to kill her "before everybody knew."

Horwitz' claim was strengthened by the appearance of his client. For seven days Meek sat in the prisoner's box, motionless, staring straight ahead, his mouth contorted, his complexion grey and waxy. He contributed only three words to the proceedings, and these only at his lawyer's prompting. Qualified psychiatrists testified on Meek's behalf. Dr. Victorin Voyer, a University of Ottawa psychiatrist, said he could only conclude that Meek was suffering with delusions. He was incapable of reacting emotionally to any situation. His past history suggested the schizoid type of personality; he was a shy, retiring youth and always had difficulty adjusting to other people. Voyer carefully noted the physical symptoms of catatonic schizophrenia in the prisoner. "No movements... hands cold, moist and clammy... waxy skin."

Dr. Gordon Lugsdin, Ottawa, gave the same diagnosis. "He guesses that it was the wrong thing to do, but he felt he had to do it. He had an increasing sense of urgency, which is sometimes seen in schizophrenics."

Dr. C. H. McCuaig, professor of psychiatry, Queen's University, explained the nature of Meek's delusions of persecution and concluded, "I feel that he is not to be considered responsible for his actions."

Dr. McLean Houze, of the Ontario Mental Hospital, Brockville, testified that two of Meek's sisters had been schizophrenic, one of them dying in mental hospital "stupored, hallucinated and confused." A cousin and a maternal aunt were described as "psychotic." Two weeks before Meek's second trial, a young brother had hanged himself by the belt of his bathrobe.

Two psychiatrists, both on the staffs of Ontario provincial hospitals, testified for the crown. One, Dr. Charles Tennant, stated, "I saw nothing that made me think the man (Meek) was suffering from any mental illness—schizophrenia or any other." The other, Dr. J. N. Senn, declared

"I could find no evidence to make me think the man had been suffering at any time from mental illness."

Meek was found guilty and sentenced to hang. Horwitz appeared before the Appeal Court of Ontario and described the verdict as "a miscarriage of justice" because "there was a preponderance of evidence proving that the accused was insane and suffering from delusions... and not responsible for his actions."

Meek was granted a new trial. Again he was adjudged sane and guilty and sentenced to hang. Through the last-minute intervention of the Minister of Justice his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

It's Difficult To Be Legally Insane

The legal tests used by the court to determine Meek's sanity owe their existence to a famous murder which occurred in London in 1843. In that year, Daniel McNaghten, a Glasgow tradesman, murdered Edmund Drummond, private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, the Tory Prime Minister. For years McNaghten imagined that he was being persecuted, sometimes by the Jesuits, at other times by the Tories. He wrote letters to high officials seeking protection. To escape his tormentors he would often spend the night sleeping in the fields. Once his delusions led him to flee to safety in France. Finally he became so alarmed he felt that he must strike back before "they" took his life. For several days he kept vigil outside the prime minister's office; then, seeing a man who he thought was Peel coming out of the front door he followed him for a few blocks and shot him dead. Although the victim turned out to be Drummond, McNaghten felt satisfactorily revenged.

A jury found McNaghten insane and the judge had him committed to a mental hospital. The verdict was an unpopular one and the House of Lords asked a group of prominent jurists to bring in a report on the matter of criminal responsibility and sanity. Their report—known as the McNaghten Rules—is the basis for determining sanity today in the courts of Great Britain, Canada and the United States. It has been a consistent target for attack, especially during the last fifty years with the growth of psychology and psychiatry. Lord Bramwell, the English jurist, once observed: "A person is rarely mad enough to be within the definition of madness laid down in the McNaghten Rules."

It is the section of the law which decrees that a person with delusions can still be sane that is all-important because a large proportion of murderers are diagnosed as "schizophrenic—paranoid type."

This illness follows a well-defined course. In adolescence the schizophrenic is shy, withdrawn, uncommunicative. The process of withdrawing within himself progresses as he becomes older. His emotions become blunted and he can discuss the greatest sadness or cruelty with a smile. Later he develops peculiar ideas, most frequently that someone is out to harm him. The patient becomes dangerous if the time comes when he feels that he has to strike a blow against his "tormentors." Still later there may be a general disintegration of all mental functions.

A seriously ill patient with delusions can *Continued on page 37*

The Last of the Angry Editors

BY EARLE BEATTIE

WHEN SIR WILFRID LAURIER toured Canada in the campaign that swept him into the prime ministership fifty-seven years ago he relied for daily advice on a tall sandy-haired man with bushy eyebrows, a strange husky voice and an air of deep certainty. Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden took the same tousled giant with him to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 where they held private conferences in the Majestic Hotel; Prime Minister Mackenzie King had him at his side in London during the Imperial Conference of 1923, which proved a turning point of Empire, and earnestly sought his help again during the Byng-King crisis of 1926.

This back-room confidant of Canadian prime ministers was John Wesley Dafoe, famous warrior editor of the Winnipeg Free Press who died in 1944 after sixty strenuous and remarkable years of journalism.

Most Canadians knew him for his long and trenchant editorials; few knew of the personal power he held with statesmen when he slipped in behind the scenes. They might grasp the meaning of King's statement that Dafoe "contributed to the shaping as well as to the writing of the history of our country," but they could only dimly realize why a newspaper as distant as *The Times* should devote one and a half columns to his death. Many confused him with his distant cousin, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the Quintuplets' doctor who achieved wider fame for a few minutes' work.

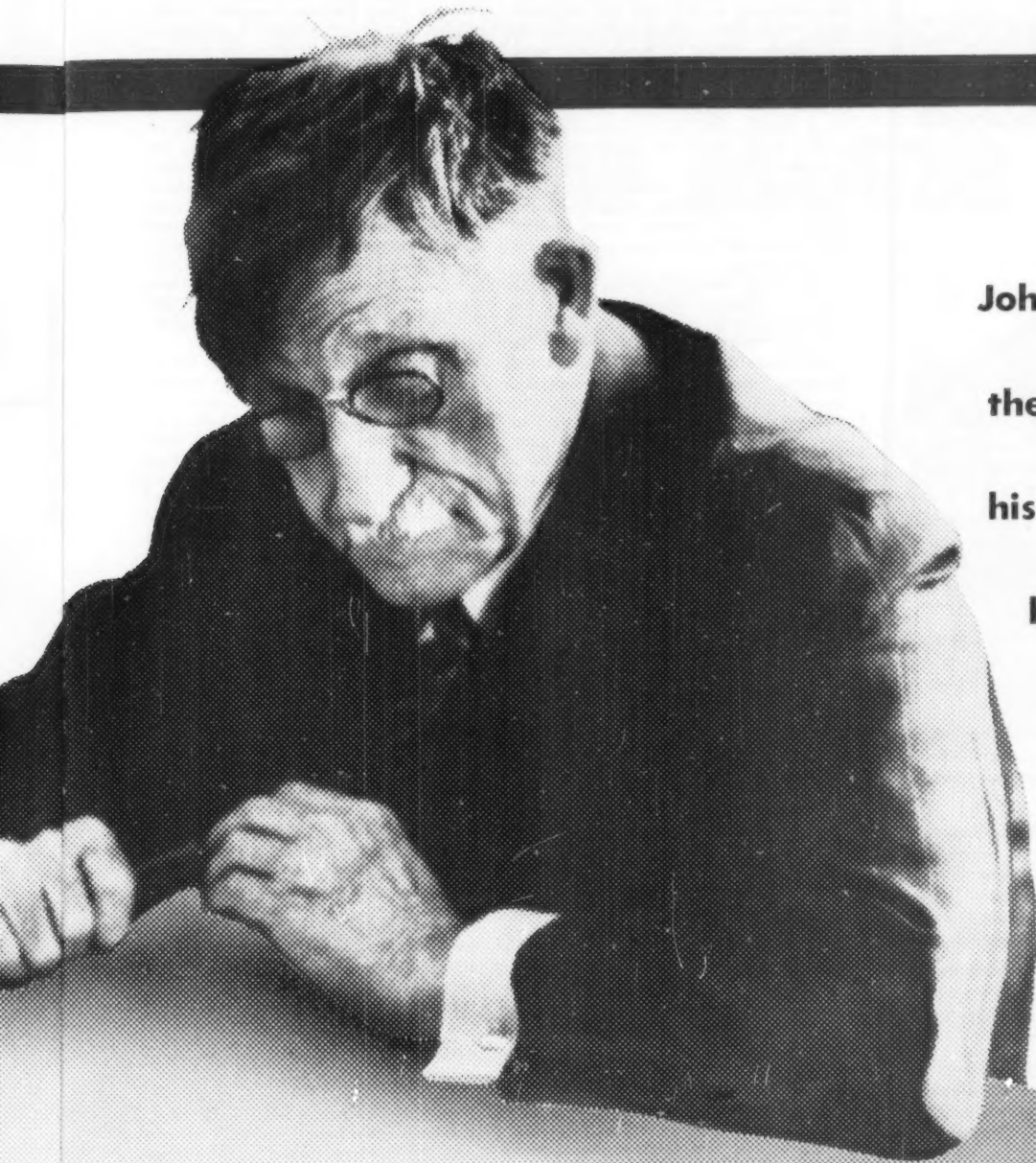
Born a Tory, John Dafoe became one of the great Liberal editors of Canada. But he supported Conservative Borden against Laurier in the conscription crisis of 1917 and for three years frightened the stumbling King Government by backing the National Progressive Party, the rebel Liberal group which sprang up in 1921 on farmer discontent. Borden offered him a knighthood, King tried to make him a cabinet minister and Washington ambassador, but he refused to be Sir John, the Honorable or Your Excellency.

He was a prairie editor warring against eastern interests in sectional battles; yet he came to be regarded, in Bruce Hutchison's words, "the most representative Canadian of our times" and "Canada's voice to the world." He dazzled and pro-

voked British and Canadian imperialists who called him "Empire-buster" but came up with a new conception of Commonwealth ten years before the Statute of Westminster made it law. In the process he made the Free Press editorial page a Manchester Guardian of Canada.

He never attended a university, but became chancellor of one and received honorary degrees from four. His reputation in academic circles was as great as his newspaper fame. *Continued on page 24*





John Dafoe had nothing to do with the Quintuplets but, thundering in his Winnipeg Free Press editorials, he did help to set Canada's feet on the road to full nationhood



Arch Dale, the cartoonist whom Dafoe set to lampooning his political foes, drew this chorus line of notables in 1943 to mark Dafoe's sixtieth year in journalism.

MACLEAN'S MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY

CLYDE GILMOUR



THE CRUEL SEA: Screenwriter Eric Ambler and director Charles Frend have turned Nicholas Monsarrat's famous novel into one of the finest naval films ever made — honest, moving, and exciting. The excellent cast includes Jack Hawkins and a hand-picked group of noncelebrities.

ELIZABETH IS QUEEN: For customers not demanding the fuller coverage offered in *A Queen Is Crowned* (see below), this fifty-two-minute color featurette is a recommendable pictorial record of the Coronation.

HOUDINI: A fanciful, overlong "biography" of the renowned master-magician, brightened in spots by clever staging of some of his baffling illusions and escapes. Houdini and wife are played by the bobbysoxer idols, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.

INVADERS FROM MARS: A space-ship, commanded by a baleful disembodied head in a plastic globe, lands on a California beach — and is soon involved in a science-fiction yarn that is a good deal cornier than most of them.

A QUEEN IS CROWNED: The "official" Technicolor movie of the Coronation of Elizabeth II runs one hour and twenty-three minutes and brings you closer than most of the people who sat in Westminster Abbey. An occasional close-up of faces in the street throngs would have made it even better. Christopher Fry's eloquent commentary is well spoken by Sir Laurence Olivier.

RAIDERS IN THE SKY: Another worthy item in the department of tight-lipped British war dramas, the story this time having to do with the RAF's Bomber Command during the hellish days of 1943. With Dirk Bogarde, Ian Hunter, Dinah Sheridan.

THE SYSTEM: There are a few sharp and realistic glimpses of mentally unbalanced hoodlums in action in this Hollywood crime drama, but the trite predictable plot and the generally dull handling are too much for them. Frank Lovejoy appears as an "honest" gambling czar whose past overtakes him.

THE VANQUISHED: A pretentious, hammy mellerdrummer set in a prostrate Southern town dominated by an oppressive administrator (Lyle Bettger) who was poor white trash before the War Between the States. John Payne, Coleen Gray and Jan Sterling are among his friends and foes.

Gilmour Rates

Anna: Italian melodrama. Fair.
Blue Gardenia: Mystery drama. Fair.
Bwana Devil: 3-D jungle drama. Poor.
Call Me Madam: Musical. Tops.
Confidentially Connie: Comedy. Good.
Count the Hours: Whodunit. Poor.
Desert Legion: Adventure. Fair.
Desert Rats: War drama. Good.
Destination Gobi: War yarn. Fair.
Fair Wind to Java: Action. Poor.
Farmer Takes a Wife: Betty Grable in costume musical. Fair.
The Girl Who Had Everything: Crime and romance. Fair.
The Girls of Pleasure Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Henry V (reissue): Shakespeare. Tops.
The Hitchhiker: Suspense. Excellent.
House of Wax: Horror in 3-D. Fair.
I Confess: Suspense drama. Good.
I Love Melvin: Musical. Fair.
Invasion, 1953: Drama. Fair.
Jeopardy: Suspense drama. Good.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.
The Lone Hand: Western. Fair.
Long Memory: British drama. Fair.

Magnetic Monster: Suspense. Fair.
Man in the Dark: 3-D drama. Fair.
Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
The Net: Aviation drama. Good.
No Time for Flowers: Comedy. Fair.
Off Limits: Army comedy. Good.
The Passionate Sentry: Comedy. Fair.
Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Pickup on South Street: Drama. Good.
Pony Express: Western. Fair.
The President's Lady: U. S. historical drama. Good.
Salome: Sex-and-religion. Fair.
Scared Stiff: Martin & Lewis. Fair.
Split Second: Suspense. Good.
The Star: Mavieland drama. Good.
The Stars Are Singing: Musical. Good.
Take Me To Town: Comedy. Fair.
Titanic: Drama at sea. Fair.
Tonight We Sing: Musical. Good.
Top Secret: British spy farce. Good.
Trouble Along the Way: Comedy. Good.
24 Hours of a Woman's Life: Drama and romance. Poor.
The War of the Worlds: Science-fiction thriller. Tops.

He was the last of the thundering editors, the last editorial lion to tell his publisher to stay off the editorial page. But hard-hitting as he was, his associates—whom he never paid very much and never praised—worshiped him as a kindly, large-hearted, wise old person who once wrote poetry and liked poets more than politicians.

To many his towering reputation remains an enigma. Most historians have only briefly acknowledged his existence; others claim that when the inside story of Canada's recent history is written it will revolve around Daffoe's private letters.

His ideas were not breath-takingly new or original, except perhaps his conception of a British Commonwealth of equal partners. He believed in liberalism's free-trade formula as the basis of world peace and prosperity, leavened by some public ownership; he believed Canada should stand on her own feet within the Commonwealth; he sought constitutional reform for a new deal between the provinces and the Dominion; and he believed collective security could only be safeguarded through an active League of Nations. He abhorred tariff-making, state control, imperialism, power politics, titles and top hats.

His style of writing was not brilliant. During the Thirties his editorials were often ponderous and turgid; but he won his way by moral force, persistence and rugged simplicity.

His appearance was appalling. George Ferguson, now editor of the Montreal Star, who worked alongside Daffoe for nineteen years, described how Daffoe showed up at a dignified Oxford meeting with his clip-style bow tie askew, his dress suit horribly rumpled and his sandy hair "looking like an ill-made strawstack." He lectured the Oxford dons in a grating, nasal voice and sent their eyebrows twitching upward with such homely phrases as "it ain't so" and "that don't wash."

He became as Manitoban as that province's buffalo emblem and almost as shaggy. He walked in a shambling gait with slightly stooped shoulders, using a cane in later years. His expression was usually grave, but often a slow, rumbling laugh animated it and set his keen eyes twinkling.

When he was thirteen he tried to become a teacher and took over a school near his home town of Combermere, in the Ottawa Valley, but gave it up when an eminent lady of the district walked into his classroom one day to exclaim, "You should be going to school, not teaching it." That propelled him into high school at Arnprior where he decided to try another career, newspaper work.

As a seventeen-year-old, skinny, tow-headed country kid in February 1883 he asked E. G. O'Connor, editor of the Montreal Star, for a job. He was the greenest-looking specimen the Star had ever seen but O'Connor started him on inside work, then used him as a decoy to break up a clothing racket in the city. Clothing sharks were picking up country bumpkins at Bonaventure Station, selling them suits worth about \$2.15 for exorbitant prices; Daffoe posed, without much effort, as a prospective buyer. His stories broke up the racket and his personal testimony shattered a libel suit brought against the Star. It was his first scoop and it launched, at six dollars a week, the remarkable newspaper career of the most influential journalist Canada has yet produced.

Within six months he became Ottawa correspondent for the Star, and, at nineteen, editor-in-chief of the Ottawa Journal. When he sat in the press gallery during the session of 1884 Daffoe

heard orator Edward Blake attacking his idol, the great Sir John A., and Daffoe's Tory-Empire Loyalist background was swept aside. "I went into the gallery a Tory and came down a fighting Grit," Daffoe said.

The sudden conversion of the young newspaperman was worth a thousand speeches and countless thousands of votes. During that session, too, he formed a lasting friendship with Wilfrid Laurier, a young man whose career was said to have petered out. And he scored a nationwide scoop on the Conservative cabinet's decision to hang Louis Riel, a decision which lost pro-Riel Quebec to the Conservative Party and thus later helped to make Laurier, a fervent defender of Riel, prime minister.

Daffoe's own career dipped a bit at this point when he resigned the editorship of the Journal after only five months to accept a job as reporter on the Manitoba Free Press. "I had enough sense to know I was beyond my depth," he said. "I thus fell in a moment from an exalted position of editorship to the rank of a mere reporter." He went west in 1886 and found a farm for his parents near Killarney, Manitoba.

Daffoe once told his friends that he believed himself born under a favorable star. Certainly his arrival in Winnipeg seemed star-guided, for he soon found himself, as legislative reporter, immersed in the historic "Manitoba Schools Question." This started with a Manitoba legislative act abolishing the system whereby Catholics and other minorities were allowed to allocate their school-tax money for separate schools. The act was appealed to the Privy Council in London who decided that the Dominion government had power to restore to the Canadiens in Manitoba their educational system. Put on the spot, the Conservative government ordered the Manitoba government to restore the Catholic school privileges. The thorny issue became a part of the 1896 election campaign.

Shirtless in Winnipeg

By that time, Daffoe had left the Free Press and was back in Montreal working again for his old chief O'Connor who had transferred to the morning Herald. He got into the thick of the fight, traveling the country with the party campaigners from Laurier down.

It was a peculiar campaign. Laurier, on the advice of Daffoe and Israel Tarte, his brilliant campaign manager, came out against Catholic schools in Manitoba, while Sir Mackenzie Bowell, a past Grand Master of the Orange Lodge, championed the Catholic position. The Daffoe-Tarte strategy worked perfectly: Protestant Ontario gave Laurier a majority of its seats; Quebecers gave him forty-nine out of sixty-five seats, defying their clergy who denounced Laurier as a traitor to his faith.

Five years later Daffoe was offered the editorship of the Manitoba Free Press by Clifford Sifton, one of Laurier's cabinet ministers and a power in Manitoba politics. Daffoe had married tiny Alice Parmelee, daughter of W. G. Parmelee, Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce, in 1890, and was now, at thirty-five, the father of five children. He packed his young family on a westbound train and arrived in Winnipeg with the back missing from his shirt. His children had become train sick and he had used it for mopping-up operations.

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horse opera. It was the railway-building and homestead era with endless waves of immigrants flowing westward. It brought out the best in Dafeo. Competition from the city's two other papers—the Conservative Telegram and the independently Conservative Tribune—was keen and often cutthroat; but Dafeo kept his paper well ahead of his rivals in circulation.

He plunged into civic and provincial politics, setting himself to the task of ousting the Conservative provincial government of Rodmond Roblin which held office from 1900 to its ignominious end in 1915, ridden with Free Press-exposed scandals.

All this was mere rough-and-tumble compared to the editorial cannon fire Dafeo directed across the nation on crucial issues. His first big domestic fight was in defense of Laurier's Reciprocity treaty with the U. S. in 1911, a treaty abolishing tariffs on many farm products. It meant the fulfillment of his dream of free-trade principles and the political fate of Laurier was bound up in its success. Dafeo and others of the Laurier circle advised Laurier to dissolve parliament immediately and go to the people. Instead Laurier adjourned the House and went off to the Imperial Conference in London. This tactical blunder ended his party's rule for ten years as the Borden Conservatives used the time to organize a full-scale campaign on "no truck nor trade with the Yankees."

When Sir Clifford Sifton and a group of Toronto Liberals bolted the party line and Henri Bourassa fielded his Quebec Nationalists to split the Liberal support in French Canada, Laurier's doom was sealed. In that wild scramble for position, Dafeo met head-on with his boss: Sifton against Reciprocity, Dafeo for it.

According to his own version of the encounter, Sifton had simply imposed a "self-denying" ordinance on himself and let the editor have his head. Thus, while Sifton stumped the country against Reciprocity, charging that it would make the West "the back yard of Chicago," his own newspaper campaigned in favor of it. Dafeo quoted his publisher's views on page one and tore them apart on the editorial page. Sifton, who had resigned from the Liberal party and campaigned with the Conservatives, fought his own newspaper from the platform.

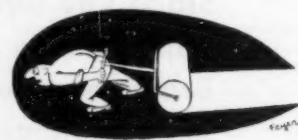
While Dafeo scored a victory in gaining control of editorial policies, his side lost the election. The anti-Reciprocity forces carried the day, bringing Robert Borden to the premiership.

Part of Dafeo's greatness lay in his ability to rise above party lines when he believed the best interests of Canada were threatened. Thus, six years after he had tried so ardently to rally voters to Laurier's free-trade banner, Dafeo was attacking his old idol with equal vigor. The hottest issue in Canadian politics—conscription—had flamed into public debate in 1917 as troops overseas demanded reinforcements. Dafeo went all-out for a draft, but Laurier held to his "voluntary enlistment" pledge and turned a deaf ear to Dafeo's pleas that he join with Borden in a national government.

To make matters worse in Dafeo's view, one thousand western Canadian Liberals met in convention that August and turned down the idea of a national nonparty government and conscription, while endorsing Sir Wilfrid Laurier's leadership. "It is with the men who hold these views, who urge these aims," Dafeo thundered, "that western Liberals are to co-operate in establishing Sir Wilfrid Laurier . . . in the position of dictator of Canada." His editorials created such public support for union

government that within a few weeks the whole situation had changed. By October those Liberals who favored conscription—among them Arthur Sifton, J. A. Calder and Thomas A. Crerar—had joined with Borden, repudiating their party's stand. In the "khaki election" two months later, the Unionists swept up one hundred and fifty-three seats. Sixty-eight of them were won by conscriptionist Liberals; the Laurier Liberals numbered eighty-two, most of them from Quebec.

Now, at fifty, Dafeo was politically homeless, an Ishmael just outside the main Liberal camp. He went with Borden to the Peace Conference in Paris and was thenceforth eyed with suspicion by the Laurier Liberals. Their suspicion turned to dismay when on his return he bypassed, as relatively unimportant, a pretentious little man named Mackenzie King, who became Liberal leader in 1919 on the death of Laurier, and threw his support to Thomas Crerar. Crerar's new party, the National Progressives, which stemmed from farmer discontent during and after the war, was to Dafeo the "true Liberalism." Tom Crerar, himself, had been a member of Dafeo's inner circle



at the Manitoba Club, dubbed the "Sanhedrin" by Arthur Sifton (the original Sanhedrin was an ancient Hebrew council which wielded absolute power). Dafeo's circle also included such Winnipeg luminaries as A. B. Hudson, Frank Fowler, E. J. Tarr, H. J. Symington, J. B. Coyne and J. R. Murray.

Crerar had first met Dafeo as a boy when his father took him to a political meeting to hear the editor speak. "It was a very great speech," young Tom admitted, "but why doesn't he buy a hairbrush." His father replied: "It doesn't matter whether a man brushes his hair or not when he can think and speak like that."

Counseled by the "Sanhedrin," the National Progressives captured sixty-five seats in the federal election of 1921, an amazing overnight victory that gave them the second largest group in parliament and placed the balance of power in their inexperienced hands. When they failed to become much more than a big farm lobby, Dafeo abandoned them as a party, turning his support to Mackenzie King in the 1925 election, even as he had abandoned Laurier for his sectionalism.

Dafeo's return to the Liberal camp probably saved King's political life. It meant that when the constitutional crisis of 1926 rocked the country he was at King's side, personally advising the harassed Liberals and rallying public opinion against the English governor-general, Lord Byng of Vimy. Dafeo believed Lord Byng acted in all sincerity, but he fell on Arthur Meighen like a slab of Manitoba limestone, picturing the Tory chief as greedy for power in accepting office from Byng. King, whom his own supporters had written off as politically dead, emerged victorious in the September election.

Dafeo's fighting spirit had been called up by the Byng crisis for reasons far deeper than home politics. Ever since Lord Minto had intruded himself into the issue of sending Canadian troops to the Boer War and Lord Alverstone had yielded to U. S. pressure in handing the Alaska panhandle to the States in 1903, Dafeo had been working for complete nationhood under the crown. He was suspi-

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cious of governors-general. "We don't want any more Mintos," he once told Free Press colleagues. "We don't want any more Greys. We certainly don't want any more Byngs." Lady Willingdon had riled him with the remark that she favored public appearances for herself and Lord Willingdon because "It keeps the people loyal." But he began to like the crown's representatives with the arrival of Lord Tweedsmuir.

Dafoe landed his first inside punch for full Canadian autonomy at the Paris Peace Conference where he was Borden's personal adviser and Canada's only press representative. He helped draft the memorandum which brought separate representation for the Dominions at the conference table and in the League of Nations, carrying it through against stiff British opposition.

Dafoe moved among world figures Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson, Prince Feisal, Lawrence of Arabia and the glittering entourage that filled the halls at Versailles. The prairie editor also rambled about Paris from the Hotel Majestic and got to know the city so well he became a guide for members of the delegation.

Toward the end of the conferences, Lloyd George—apparently at Borden's prompting—offered Dafoe a knighthood. The rough-hewn editor, genuinely surprised, delivered an answer which has become the No. 1 anecdote of a hundred that cling to his name. "Me a knight?" he said. "Why I sweep my own snow and carry out my own ashes."

Back in Winnipeg in March 1919 Dafoe was filled with gloom. He felt that the world's leaders at Versailles had made a mess of reparations and were blundering back into power politics again. He set himself to help erect a Commonwealth of equal partners and link the Empire to the League.

The first challenge to the Commonwealth ideal came quickly. Britain called for Canadian troops to help hold back the Turks at Chanak in 1922 in support of the fleeing Greeks. Both Dafoe and Mackenzie King felt the Chanak Affair was another Empire war in British interests; Dafoe felt, too, that it was a League matter. Canada refused the British plea.

In the Manitoba Club, certain prominent Conservatives created a new toast for their circle: "God Save the King and To Hell With the Free Press." Other more active members ceremoniously burned the Free Press at the corner of Portage and Main.

The Dafoe-King combination went into action again at the 1923 Imperial Conference in London where King put forth Dafoe's "equal status with Britain" formula, based on a revolutionary concept the editor had first stated in a letter to Borden: "that Canada's relation to the King should be identical to Britain's."

Both the Imperial Conference where King's views held sway and the Imperial Press Conference where Dafoe held forth were bristling with high Tories who hated their radical views. It didn't make Dafoe any more popular when he showed up at a dinner in an ordinary business suit while everyone else wore dress suits. But Dafoe kept the table in hilarious uproar with his stories. He knew every great figure in the English-speaking world. One of these was Churchill whom he had first met at a conference in 1909 at which time he had written that "Churchill is the greatest man the race has produced for a thousand years."

The Balfour Report of 1926—that the Dominions were "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status"—and its fulfillment, the Statute of Westminster in 1931,

crowned the Dafoe-King campaign with success, though most history books omit Dafoe's name from the partnership.

Before that battle was won, Dafoe had started a losing fight at home, the biggest and most acrid campaign in his career at an age when most men retire. He was sixty-four. The foe was R. B. Bennett, who had been elected Conservative leader in 1927. Dafoe had been a personal friend of Borden and a critical admirer of Meighen, but for Bennett, whom he regarded as the reincarnation of reactionary Toryism,

he had nothing but the most intense dislike.

Bennett drew first blood. A reporter asked him if he had a message for the Free Press. He replied the only Free Press he knew was the London Free Press. Had he never heard of Dafoe, the reporter asked. "Yes," Mr. Bennett answered. "Wasn't he the man who wrote Robinson Crusoe?"

When the aroused editorial lion of the Free Press tried to roar Bennett out of existence in the election campaign of 1930 and failed, he set himself and staff to a five-year war on Ottawa.

It was a formidable staff. There was Grant Dexter, now editor of the paper; George Ferguson, a Rhodes scholar whom Dafoe had met in Oxford in 1923; T. B. Robertson, a Scotsman whom Dafoe had found operating a linotype; J. B. McGeachy, whose dark Celtishness was accentuated by Palm Beach suits; E. Cora Hind, the agricultural editor, who frequently wore a buckskin shirt and riding hat to work and whose uncannily accurate crop reports gave her a world-wide reputation almost as great as Dafoe's; Arch Dale, rotund chain-smoking cartoon-

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ist; B. T. Richardson, Kenneth Haig, Chester Bloom, Harold Moore, and others—all writing editorials or drawing them.

Dale stood at his drawing board rolling his own cigarettes and happily sketching the Prime Minister in a hundred preposterous poses. One called "My Government" depicted Bennett presiding over a cabinet meeting in which all the ministers were R. B. Bennett, the page boys had Bennett faces and a portrait of Napoleon on the wall bore the same striking resemblance. The Free Press became an

armory of weapons for the anti-Bennett press of Canada.

When the CCF emerged with its Regina Manifesto in 1933 and when two years later William Aberhart's Social Credit party swept Alberta, Dafoe and his writers pulled out all the stops. At the same time, they continued to hit out against "St. James Street," "Big Business and the CPR" as exploiters of the west and makers of the depression. Dafoe represented Bennett as the arch-villain of the piece, in league with the eastern exploiters, and once in a rage wrote the Prime

Minister off as a row of asterisks.

Critics of Dafoe said that, at this point, his ideas ran out; that he simply failed to understand the basic maladies behind the depression and tried to apply old-fashioned *laissez-faire* policies. George Ferguson says he moved on occasion toward "a kind of *ad hoc* socialism."

His biggest single battle was against Bennett, Minister of Railways Manion and Sir Edward Beatty, president of the CPR, when they attempted to amalgamate the CPR and CNR under private ownership. In his role as the

farmer's champion, Dafoe saw the railway merger as a monopoly plan to put the grain growers at the mercy of freight-rate fixers. After one merciless raking, Manion replied in a registered letter that virtually called Dafoe a liar; Dafoe published the letter as "a badge of honor."

When the CN president, Sir Henry Thornton, was driven out of office and later died, Dafoe's anger was boundless. "There was doubtless in the minds of Mr. Beatty, of Dr. Manion and of their underlings . . . the feeling of satisfaction that comes with the kill."

The amalgamators were surprised when a royal commission refused to endorse a railway merger; they were flabbergasted later when Mr. Justice C. P. Fullerton, of Winnipeg, formerly an active Conservative, refused to use the sweeping powers he had received as chairman of the CN Board of Trustees to hamstring CN operations and, instead, joined the Dafoe forces to finally prevent amalgamation.

The defeat of the Bennett government in 1935 gave Dafoe the greatest satisfaction he had experienced since Laurier's election. A few weeks later the Free Press chief got a long-distance call from Ottawa. Mackenzie King was on the line offering him a portfolio in the new Liberal cabinet. Dafoe said no, thank you, he would rather just be editor of the Free Press. He had to say no again a year later when King asked him to be minister to Washington.

His Output Was Gargantuan

But the persistent King finally pulled his old friend out of the editorial den by appointing him a member of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations. For three years until December 1939 Dafoe toured Canada in the task of readjusting Confederation. As royal commissioner he made one request—could he take his wife with him on the trip? He had been busy all his life and now he was seventy.

The Rowell-Sirois report which resulted foundered on a Hepburn-Aberhart-Duplessis blockade, but it remains the most important Canadian document since the BNA Act and parts of it have been creeping into effect ever since. Hepburn called it "the product of three professors and a Winnipeg newspaperman" as a term of derision. Dafoe's place on the commission was, however, as solidly based academically as that of the other members. Few people realized the enormous amount of work he did in academic circles. He was the author of five books, his study of Laurier being "the best analysis of Canadian party politics yet written," according to Professor R. A. MacKay. Dafoe was a charter member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs and, as chairman of the Institute of Pacific Relations just before World War II, he mapped out a comprehensive series of research studies which reached thirty-five volumes. He was a member, also, of the Canadian Political Science Association and headed it in 1938. Four universities—Queen's, Columbia, Manitoba and Alberta—conferred degrees on him, and he was Chancellor of Manitoba University for ten years. He lectured frequently in many parts of the world. All this was in addition to his gargantuan output on the Free Press editorial page. Yet he never called himself anything but a newspaperman.

The outbreak of World War II revealed that Dafoe had been painfully right in his predictions of doom if the League of Nations failed. His support of the league was a ferocious twenty-year effort that often palled on

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his readers. Yet he saw, as few men did, that Japan's seizure of Manchuria in 1931 was the beginning of World War II and that the league, refusing to stop the aggressor, died at that moment. By 1937 when Japan set out to conquer all China, Dafoe was writing that "the world is happily restored to the blood-encrusted system of politics." In September 1938, when many Canadians were cheering the Munich pact with its "peace in our time" promise, he wrote "What's the Cheering For?" to deplore the amputation of Czechoslovakia. He was an early supporter of Churchill.

A citizen of Winnipeg, meeting Dafoe one day after a dinner, expressed the view of many when he said, "I think you run a very great newspaper... you're a very great citizen." Then, as Dafoe was warming toward him, "There's only one thing I can't understand. Why will you write those editorials?" Dafoe, to whom the Free Press WAS the editorial page, strode off angrily.

The war weighed heavily on the ageing prairie editor, but the steps toward a permanent United Nations gave him new hope.

For his last fifteen years the only sleep Dafoe could get was in a huge armchair in his study at home. Often he sat up all night reading poetry. Bliss Carman was one of his early Ottawa friends and he helped get a few prominent poets civil-service jobs to keep them alive.

Amid all his ceaseless activities Dafoe found time for family life. His wife Alice was his first counselor; she checked the tone of his editorials. One day, during a full-dress editorial conference in his office, the phone rang and he listened attentively as his wife talked. Then, hanging up the receiver, he reached for his hat. "I'm sorry about this, boys," he said, "but I have to take my grandchildren to the circus."

When his children were young he used to take all seven of them down to the family homestead at Killarney, and a small host of the neighborhood kids as well. The overflow was housed in army tents. Later he took them to his Lake Winnipeg cottage. The clan grew so numerous he was crowded out and had to build a second cottage, then a third one.

On some family matters he was fairly absent-minded. Ted Dafoe recalls how "I used to come up to him on the street and tap him for fifty cents when I was a kid. He'd give me the money but never think to ask why I wasn't at school."

He did not smoke or drink. After he gave up lacrosse-playing, his only hobbies were reading novels, including some murder mysteries, and poetry. Once he tried to learn to drive a car, but drove it into a barber shop on Broadway Avenue. Friends said it was the first time Dafoe had ever been in a barber shop. He never used a typewriter in his life, all his editorials being scrawled by hand with a short blunt pencil.

He worked at his desk until the day before he died at seventy-seven—Jan. 9, 1944. He had spent most of the Saturday talking with Grant Dexter about Free Press policy toward the CBC and about the memoirs he planned to write. Next day he called editor George Ferguson and said he had a sharp pain in his side and was leaving for the hospital on doctor's orders. "But you are not to postpone your trip to England. I want you to go," he said. "It will do Victor no harm to run the paper alone for awhile." (Victor Sifton, son of Sir Clifford, is now in charge of the Free Press.)

Two hours later Dafoe was dead. ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

that you might as well blame the match, and not the striker, for starting a fire.

I want to be perfectly fair in this portrait of a man whom I have known since he was a boy. He is a gentle soul. Personally he would not injure any of God's creatures, whether two-legged or four-legged or birds of the air. The thing that interested me more than his political creed was to watch the steady deterioration of his mind.

No longer had logic any place in the processes of that mind. There was only one truth—Communist truth. Russia's cold-blooded war against Finland was a holy crusade to protect the sacred approach to Leningrad. The rape of the Balkan states was wisdom actuated by complete purity of purpose.

The strange thing is that Montagu still kept some of his sense of humor—and who can deny that humor is the very health of the intellect? But when he spoke of Stalin or Russia his eyes went glazed and his brain was no longer master in its own kingdom.

Meanwhile the Daily Worker was acclaiming the wickedness of the war and going as far as it dared to incite industrial workers to sabotage. With a courage that deserved a better cause it openly conducted a campaign intended to weaken the purpose of the people and to conspire against the efficiency of the nation's war effort.

We debated it in parliament and, against all my jealous regard for the freedom of the Press, I was one of those who advocated and brought about the newspaper's suppression. But France had fallen and the siege of Britain had begun. The only thing that mattered was survival and we had no time to consider ethics.

Capitalist War Changed to Crusade

I had lost track of Montagu but there is little doubt that he regarded the suppression of his favorite newspaper as a piece of capitalist vandalism and blasphemy. At the same time I am told that he was working hard on non-combatant services to the community.

For nineteen months the Daily Worker was a volcano that did not erupt, and then Russia was attacked by Hitler, in whom Stalin had put his trust. Again and again Churchill sent messages to him that Germany was massing her forces to attack the Soviet. Even when Churchill told him the actual date that it would happen Stalin would not believe him.

As a footnote to history it should now be recorded that if heroic Greece and Yugoslavia had not defied Hitler and been put to the sword, Germany would have been able to attack at least four weeks earlier and Russia would certainly have been defeated. It was the delay caused by the heroism of those little countries which saved Russia. With incredible stupidity Stalin had refused to mobilize his army to the full or take up strong defense positions in spite of Churchill's advice and exhortations.

But, with the German attack, the scales fell from Ivor Montagu's eyes. Now it was all stark clear. The war that Britain was waging could be seen in its splendid purpose—Britain was fighting a war of righteousness by the side of Holy Russia.

After some deliberations we allowed the Daily Worker to publish again, and never did a newspaper more passionately urge the workers and soldiers to give of their best, to die joyfully and proudly in the struggle against Ger-

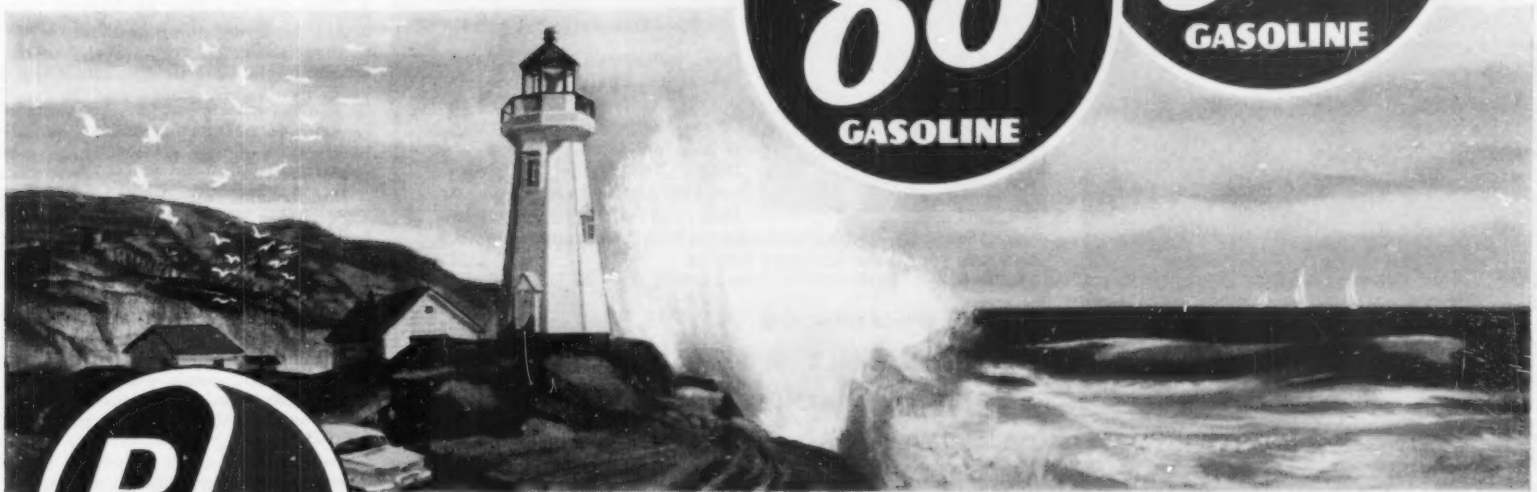
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After the war Ivor was no longer a youth and had taken on the burden of the years. We read him occasionally in the Daily Worker, we saw that he had attended peace rallies in East Berlin and Vienna and had dutifully gone to Moscow to touch his head to the sacred stones of the Kremlin. Also he retained his high place in the world of table tennis.

Then, when he had been out of my vision and my thoughts, I met him a few months ago in the public lobby

of the House of Commons. It was just at this time that news had come of the arrest of eight Russian Jewish doctors in Moscow charged with "infamously, barbarously, fiendishly" conniving at the death of important leaders by deliberate wrong diagnosis and treatment. Pravda excelled even its own imposing record of denunciation. One could almost hear the shriek of the presses as they arraigned the doctors as "man-eating reptiles." In fact not since the famous Pickwickian by-election at Eatanswill has vituperation been plumbed so completely.

How would Montagu, as a Jew, regard this return to the medieval persecution of his race? Hitler had risen to power and gone to his death on it, and now Stalin was following the Führer's lead. Only a fortnight before a group of Communist leaders in Czechoslovakia had been arrested and charged with sabotage, and all but one were Jews. Surely the call of the blood would prove stronger in Montagu's veins than his loyalty to the Kremlin when faced with this double attack upon his race.

"There are good Jews and bad Jews,"

he said, when I taxed him with this question.

"But," I said, "doctors do not deliberately take life. Their purpose is to save life, not to destroy it. How can you believe these monstrous charges?"

"There were German doctors," he answered, "who perfected systems of human extermination in Nazi Germany. You can no more acquit all doctors of crime than you can acquit all Jews."

I pointed out to him that these Jewish doctors would be tortured and then tried, that they would abjectly confess and ask for the death sentence. Why was there never in all the Communist trials one man who, knowing that he was about to die, would have the courage to declare that he had done what he had done because he loathed Communism?

"The reason is," said Montagu, "they talk to him in prison and show him the error of his ways. Therefore he confesses and is glad to die."

"So you do not doubt that these Russian doctors are guilty?"

"Of course they are guilty," he answered.

A few days later Stalin died. Three weeks went by, a staggering incredible three weeks that shook Wall Street and governments with the strange threat of peace. No sucking dove could be more gentle than the new voices in the Kremlin, and then came the news that the arrested Russian doctors had been released. The Kremlin stated that they had been wrongfully accused and were completely innocent. In the belief that at last I had cornered my fox I called up Montagu.

"Well," I said, "what about the immaculate justice of Russia now?"

Without a moment's hesitation he answered that nothing had ever happened which so fully proved that under Communism no one could suffer injustice. Here, he said, was the Soviet government deliberately admitting that injustice had been done and courageously declaring the truth to the whole world.

"No one can be wrongfully punished in Russia," he said.

To which I replied that the Soviet doctors had come damn close to it.

I HAVE DRAWN this portrait of Ivor Montagu because I believe that he personifies part of the problem of dealing with Communism. He is not brutal, he is not tyrannical, he seeks no aggrandizement beyond the mild recognition shown to him when he visits Communist states, and he has to endure the contempt of his own countrymen. He is an outcast from his family and mixes with men far below his intellectual level.

But the real tragedy of Ivor Montagu is that he has abdicated in the realm of the mind. There is no logic left in him, no processes of judgment, no power to sift the false from the true, no ability or desire to reason. I met the same thing when I visited Nazi camps immediately after the war and saw men whose faces expressed nothing, men and women who seemed to have come from some frozen planet where neither the mind nor the soul existed.

To give him credit I believe Ivor Montagu still has a soul inasmuch as he believes that somehow, somewhere Communism will uplift the lowly, and that in the factories and the five-year plan they will attain heaven on earth.

But you must talk to him as a child because he is younger now in middle age than when I found him as a boy of twelve or fourteen in the baronial surroundings of the first Lord Swaythling. ★

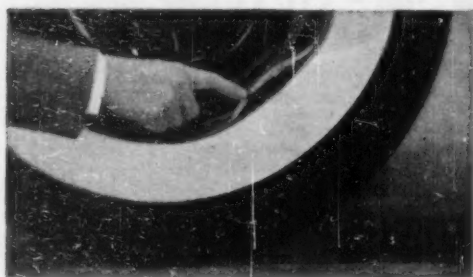
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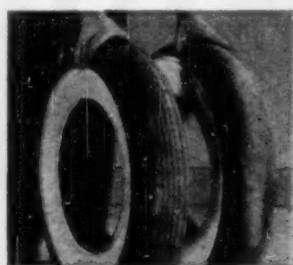
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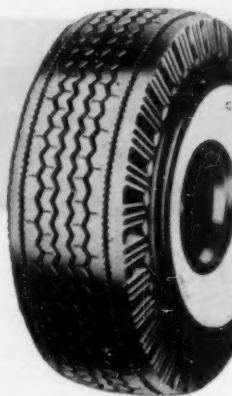


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THE NEW ALL-NYLON CORD SUPER-CUSHION
by GOOD YEAR

The Hidden Menace of The Superhighway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

cloverleaf, the Queen Elizabeth is straight as a flagpole, flat as a cop's arches, its one-way lanes are entirely divided and this section is one-hundred-percent limited access without even a cloverleaf intersection. Head-on or intersection collisions are impossible here. Pedestrians are fenced out. Engineers said that on this section accidents would be practically non-existent. The next twenty-five miles, from No. 27 Highway to Burlington, has several danger points created by level intersections and undivided stretches. One intersection here, the notorious Dixie Road, now being safeguarded with an overpass and cloverleaf, has averaged one fatality a month, to make it Canada's deadliest highway intersection.

All the rules of logic say that the first four miles should be much safer than the other twenty-five. On the four-mile "safe" section the accident rate over ten years has been one hundred and seventy per hundred million vehicle miles — one of the lowest highway - accident figures in Canada. For the other danger-studded section the accident rate is four hundred and twenty, considerably more than double. Just what you'd expect but what about fatality rates?

Fewer Accidents, More Deaths

In 1941 the "safe" section started its statistical record with a record-breaking fatality rate of thirty-five per hundred million vehicle miles—four and a half times the provincial average—and the other section's rate was thirteen. Reductions since then have produced a ten-year average of twelve and eleven respectively. With less than half the number of accidents, the "safe" section on a per car-mile basis has had slightly more deaths.

Superhighways provide merely the extreme illustration of this strangest paradox to hit motoring since Henry Ford turned the Model T into an automobile for the ordinary man. It's becoming apparent that to improve a highway, even though the improvement falls short of superhighway standards, is to make that highway more deadly.

On the prairies, where the terrain permits long, straight, level stretches of highway, this has been the road-builders' unhappy experience. W. M. Stewart, Saskatchewan Deputy Minister of Highways, says: "On the average, our improved highways are not resulting in any appreciable reduction in traffic accidents as compared with highways of lower standard. In fact, I think the tendency is toward an increase in accidents."

J. D. Millar, Ontario deputy minister, put it more bluntly: "The better and straighter we make a road, the more fatal accidents it seems to have."

H. L. Cairns, highway project engineer for British Columbia, states: "It has been our experience that improvement does not reduce the accident rate."

The over-all U. S. fatality rate is around eight per hundred million vehicle miles, the same as Ontario's. Yet it is highest, twelve and over, in Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico — states which do not have superhighways as such, but have desert thoroughfares which share the superhighway's lethal features—long, flat, straight pavement.

Superhighways have everything that

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Already "Calamity Jane" has proven its worth. Three of these units worked around the clock in Michigan cities following disastrous tornadoes this spring.

The first appearance in Canada of this disaster vehicle corresponded with the opening of a Montreal factory branch of Reo Motor Company of Canada, Limited. Civilian Defence, Red Cross, Fire and Police officials in several Canadian cities have been impressed by its operation.

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It's hard to conceive of it, but telephone company engineers have imagined a super-telephone. Then they went ahead and built a workable model. It's a robot-like mechanism that reacts to the *spoken word*, and gives you the number you ask for!

The machine has been called "Audrey", a contraction of the words, "Automatic digit recognizer". Delicate electronic circuits enable Audrey to differentiate between the sounds of the various numbers from 0 to 9, and to act accordingly. Five, ten years from now—who knows?—perhaps a visitor to a business office will be confronted, not with a friendly lipsticked smile, but with the cold impersonality of a control panel and a recorded voice that intones, "Whom did you wish to see, please? One moment and I will connect you".

Scientific progress, alas, sometimes tends to take a lot of the friendliness out of everyday living. Happily, some of the best things in life stay the same—like Molson's. And while the average waiter would perhaps not thank you for calling him "Audrey", he'll react promptly to the spoken word. Try it, and get a direct connection to Canada's standard of friendly refreshment—the ale that has been brewed by Molson's since 1786. Just say, distinctly and clearly, "Make Mine Molson's".

modern engineering can give them to make it difficult to have an accident. Then why do they kill more people?

Let's take a look first at what the superhighway engineers set out to do: Originally roads were built to provide access to farms and to link neighboring communities. They were designed for the horse and buggy and we simply adapted them as best we could for automobile travel. By the mid-Thirties it had become obvious that the old roads had been resurfaced and remodeled to the point where nothing more could be done, and they were still inadequate. It was essential to make a clean start and provide main travel routes with highways specifically designed for the automobile. The U. S. started work on its Pennsylvania Turnpike and Merritt Parkway. Canada started laying down its Queen Elizabeth Way.

Two requirements had developed simultaneously. The automobile had become a means of long-distance travel but the motorist with two hundred miles to go was still shifting into second gear every mile to get around a farmer driving his horse and mower over to the next field, because we were still adhering to the outdated principle that every road had to be a local convenience. These two dangerously conflicting classes of highway user—the local straggler and long-distance traveler—were a menace to each other. On routes where the long-distance trippers were numerous the classes had to be separated.

The second requirement was a new and positive approach to the problem of the highway death toll which was soaring alarmingly on the congested routes.

To fill the first requirement—a highway for long-distance travelers on which local interference would be

reduced to a minimum—highway engineers developed the "limited access" principle and the "cloverleaf." Access to the hundred-percent superhighway is limited to cloverleaf intersections where the incoming traffic merges with the main traffic flow by means of right-hand turns. The cloverleaf carries traffic across the superhighway at a higher or lower level by means of an overpass or underpass, and eliminates all left turns and stop lights. Traffic goes left off a superhighway by a right-hand circling turn which brings it back across the superhighway at a different level. Where the limited-access rule is strictly applied, all farm driveways and residential streets open onto a local service road which parallels the main highway, and access to the superhighway itself is restricted to cloverleaves which may be several miles apart.

For the second requirement, that of accident prevention, highway engineers looked over their statistics and discovered that more than seventy-five percent of highway fatalities occurred in two types of accidents—intersection collisions and head-on collisions. Cloverleaves would eliminate the intersection collisions. To prevent head-on crashes all they had to do was build a divided highway with the opposing lanes of travel separated by a boulevard. So the divided, limited-access superhighway was born. There were other safety features tossed in. Hills were graded down until the typical superhighway wound up flatter than a wallet the night before payday. Curves were straightened to provide clear visibility far ahead. Most of them were barred to pedestrians and bicycles, and fenced against wandering animals. Headlight glare was reduced or eliminated by boulevard shrubbery.

The divided, limited-access super-



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He lived within his massive frame,
Unseen and yet perceived,
An undiscovered man, whose name
We naturally believed
To mean the person we had known
And spoken to, but he
Had never tried to find his own
True self... so how could we?

PATIENCE EDEN

highway, therefore, seemed the answer to both requirements. But it didn't work out that way.

They solved the first requirement by giving the long-distance traveler a means of rolling up mileage at a fast clip. But in eliminating the causes of most fatal accidents on older highways they created new and deadlier hazards the old highways hadn't possessed.

Superhighway drivers immediately started tangling up in a spate of rear-end and sideswipe accidents that sent more corpses to the morgues than the old highways ever could. What has actually happened, statistically, is this: after eliminating the cause of seventy-five percent or more of accidents, superhighways have wound up with an accident rate around twenty percent less, but a fatality rate considerably higher—because when an accident does occur on a high-speed superhighway it is frequently gory carnage.

So your chances of having an accident on a superhighway are slightly less. Your chances of getting killed are more.

Where did the superhighway planning go wrong? It didn't. For the new superhighway hazards are not essentially the fault of the superhighways themselves. The villain is not the man who built the highway, it's that unpredictable man behind the wheel who's using it. The superhighway hazards have developed because many drivers bring to the superhighways the same driving habits which served well only as long as they remained on the old highways.

"It works this way," one Queen Elizabeth Way patrol officer explained. "If you took a civilian pilot who had never flown anything but light planes and gave him a supersonic jet to fly, he'd kill himself in no time. It's much the same when you take the average thirty-mile-an-hour, stop-and-go city driver and turn him loose on a superhighway where he can bowl along at seventy for an hour without lifting his foot off the gas pedal. It's a different type of driving entirely, and to do it safely requires different training. Superhighways are no more unsafe than supersonic jets. Only you've got to know how to handle them."

We'd better learn to use them safely, because the superhighways of today will be the average highways of tomorrow.

Canada as yet has few superhighways. Ontario has about two hundred and fifty miles of divided highway which meet or come close to superhighway standards, and Quebec and Manitoba have small stretches. But all provinces are rapidly adding to their mileages of straightened, widened, improved highway where conditions approaching superhighway conditions are beginning to appear. The Trans-Canada Highway too, though it will not be a superhighway, is adding materially to Canada's first-class highway mileage.

Ontario has now blueprinted fourteen hundred miles of new highway, most of which will be of superhighway standard. On the main travel routes, they will carry eighty percent of the province's traffic. With a highway budget of more than one hundred and fifty million dollars a year (it was thirty millions ten years ago) the province's highway extension program is moving rapidly.

Canada is also eyeing the toll-charge principle which has been instituted on most U. S. superhighways where it has been proved that long-distance motorists will pay a toll for the privilege of driving on high-speed turnpikes. If adopted here, the toll system will provide funds for a much faster extension of superhighways.

The new U. S. expressways are offering superhighway driving opportunities to more and more Canadians. By next year when the New York Thruway is completed from Buffalo to New York City, Ontario motorists will be able to start at Toronto and drive the more than six hundred miles to New York, superhighway practically the whole way. In a few years western Canadians will be able to drop down to Chicago and then whisk across the seven hundred miles from Chicago's Outer Drive to New York's 178th Street without changing gears for a red light or intersection. Vancouverites in a decade may be able to cross to Seattle and drive on linking superhighways to Los Angeles.

What are the new superhighway hazards? They boil down fundamentally to two previously unknown highway dangers which the safety experts have dubbed "speed blindness" and "high-speed hypnosis."

Lulled To Sleep By Speed

On the normal highway where approaching traffic and curves don't permit the maintenance of high speeds for long stretches, speed has to be varied. The driver is constantly accelerating and slowing down, and when he does get the chance to open up on a straight unobstructed stretch he is conscious of the greater speed. The faster hum of his motor, the louder rush of air past the car, the bumpier ride, all contribute to make him feel the speed. Before he has time to forget his speed, he has to slow down again for another curve or another approaching car.

But on a superhighway there are no interruptions. The speedometer creeps up to seventy and frequently it can stay there for an hour at a time. There are no curves for his tires to squeal on, no bumps to jolt the driver back to a realization that the miles are rolling by a lot faster than he's accustomed to. The speed grows on him. After a while seventy seems no faster than the old forty-five. He may even disbelieve his own speedometer. He has become "speed-blind."

Linked with speed-blindness is the other superhighway hazard of high-speed hypnosis. Superhighways make driving seem so easy. A finger tip or two will control the car mile after mile. The pavement rolls under the car wheels like an endless flying carpet of concrete, the driver gets a false sense of security, the monotony and effortlessness of it numbs his senses. After a long stretch he is driving along mechanically in a trance-like state. The danger of dozing at the wheel becomes much greater, but scientists who have studied this peculiarly superhighway phenomenon say the greatest danger is not falling asleep, it is allowing oneself to lapse into an actual condition of hypnosis in which you can stare wide awake at a danger

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"OLD 16"

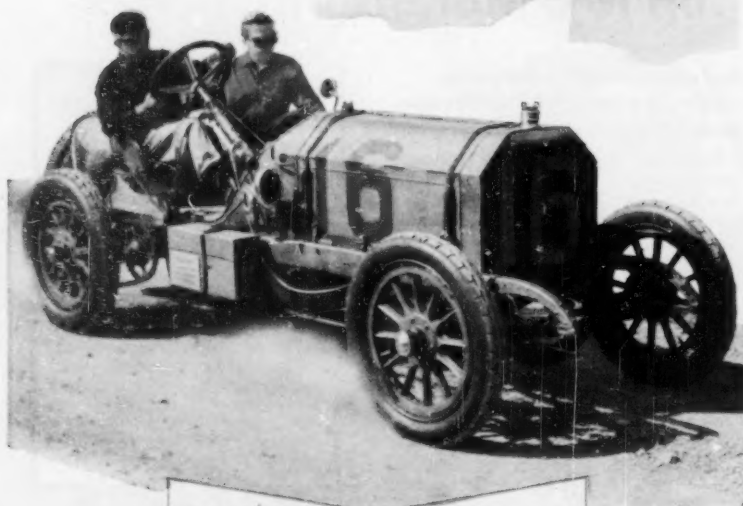
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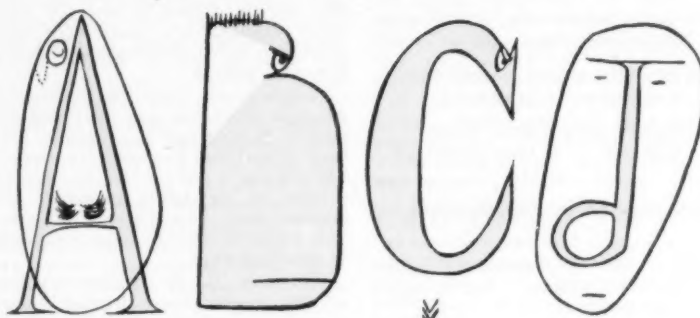
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A IS FOR
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B IS FOR
BRUTE

C IS FOR
COMMAND

D IS FOR
DULLARD

speeding toward you and never see it. Superhighway driving with its monotonous concentration on a specific object for a long time with no outside distractions is a perfect duplication of the techniques used to induce hypnosis.

Speed - blindness and high - speed hypnosis are primarily superhighway hazards, but they can appear on any highway that is improved to the point where long stretches of high speed, monotonous and effortless driving become possible. Every time an old stretch of highway is widened, its curves straightened out, its hills graded down—any improvement that provides for greater speed and less driving effort—the danger of speed-blindness and high-speed hypnosis is increased.

"Nobody advocates a return to highways of hairpin turns and one-lane bridges," says Russell Byers, general manager of the Ontario Safety League. "The trouble is highway improvement has gone ahead faster than driver improvement. We are providing highways that permit a new type of driving, but we are at an in-between stage in which drivers haven't yet fully developed the skills that that new type of driving requires. That superhighway feeling of safety with finger-tip control is dangerously misleading. Actually the speed of superhighway driving demands much more vigilance and training while giving the impression of demanding less. To drive a car you could once get by as long as you knew how to change gears and steer, but now it is getting more and more like piloting an airplane. You need co-ordination, a well-developed sense of distance and speed."

Cynics have dubbed the superhighways "speedways to death," but they needn't be. They can and should have a lower fatality rate. They will when the present generation of drivers, trained to drive on horse-and-buggy highways, learn the new ten commandments of superhighway driving.

Here they are:

1. Don't drive more than ten miles an hour faster than your normal maximum.

"There isn't one driver in ten who can suddenly step up from fifty to seventy miles an hour and drive himself out of an emergency when it comes," says J. D. Millar, Ontario Deputy Minister of Highways. At 70 mph all the manoeuvres of passing, taking curves and stopping are radically different from what they are at 50 mph. And at 65 mph the odds on you or someone else being killed in a pile-up are a short one in six.

You don't need to burn up the pavement to make time on a superhighway. Arthur H. Rowan, of the accident - recording division, Ontario Department of Highways says: "It's the constancy of the speed, not the high speed, that saves time for the superhighway driver."

2. Beware of speed-blindness.

Remember that everyone's speed sense becomes dulled when speed can be maintained smoothly for long stretches. Service-station attendants on the Queen Elizabeth Way have become inured to the squeal of brakes from cars overshooting the pumps when they turn off the highway for gasoline. Speed-blind drivers slow down from seventy to forty and think they are practically at a standstill until they try to stop. On superhighways you have to drive by your speedometer, not by the speed you feel.

3. Don't be a bumper chaser.

The commonest superhighway accident is the rear-end collision caused by following the car ahead too closely. The old highway rule of staying one car-length behind for every ten miles of speed is fine up to thirty or forty miles an hour, but it can be suicide on a high-speed superhighway, for when you double speed it takes four times as far to stop. At 70 mph you need three hundred feet, the length of a football field, to stop in.

4. Watch for slow-moving vehicles, especially trucks.

As speed increases it becomes more difficult to estimate the speed of other cars ahead, yet it becomes more vital that you detect slower moving vehicles while you are still a safe distance behind. A common superhighway accident is the one in which a car driver has followed a truck for miles at 60 mph and then smashed headlong into the rear of the truck when its speed has dropped suddenly at a grade.

And don't be a slowpoke yourself. If you're just out sightseeing, stay off the superhighways. They're meant for drivers who have places to go.

5. As your speed increases, increase the distance ahead on which your vision is concentrated.

Adjust your sights to your speed. At 50 mph, the flash of a tail light on a braking car a quarter mile ahead is nothing to worry about. At seventy it's a danger signal to heed immediately by slowing down. If you have to stop quickly at high speed the secret is to press the brake pedal firmly, don't jab it.

6. Perfect your high-speed passing technique.

The superhighway passing rule is "Take your time." The big hazard is not traffic approaching you in front—there isn't any—it is traffic that might be overtaking you from behind, so check your rear-vision mirror. Then turn out well back and allow plenty of space before swinging into your own lane again ahead.

If another driver is hogging the passing lane, don't pass on his right. Be a suicide if you want to, but select a method that won't also murder two or three others.

7. Watch out for high-speed hypnosis.

Three factors increase the hypnosis danger—fatigue, night driving and driving alone. Recognize its insidious danger wherever long straightaways, light traffic and effortless driving tend to produce boredom. Be well rested before starting a long trip; stop for a coffee or a nap at the first sign of drowsiness; on a long trip eat often and lightly; don't play soft dreamy music on the car radio; keep your car well ventilated. Sing, talk to yourself, start the windshield wipers, vary your speed. On an ordinary highway the road itself provides the distractions you need to prevent high-speed hypnosis, on superhighways you have to create your own.

8. If you stop, pull entirely off the pavement.

At superhighway speeds another driver can be too close to prevent a rear-end collision before he realizes you are standing still. If you have a flat tire, ride it flat until you can get your car entirely onto the shoulder with four or five feet to spare between the side of the car and the pavement. And at night there is another rule of vital importance—as soon as you are off the road turn out your lights. For superhighway driving, lights off when off the highway is as important as lights on when on the highway. Tail lights are a lure and, if you park on the shoulder with lights on, another driver bowling along behind you at high speed can easily swing off and crash into your car before he's aware that you are off the highway.

9. Make driving your full-time job.

If you want to light a cigarette, fiddle with the radio or reach into the glove compartment, pull off onto the shoulder, or at least slow down to 35 mph, a speed at which your car will be more easily controlled. To light a cigarette your eye leaves the road for about two seconds. At 35 this means you are driving blind for one hundred feet—a gamble with death; but at 70 it becomes two hundred feet—and you're no longer gambling.

10. Be sure your car is in good mechanical shape.

Prof. W. A. Bryce, of the University of Toronto school of public safety, warns that the high and enduring speeds of superhighway travel put a greater mechanical strain on tires, brakes and steering mechanism than ordinary driving. And a mechanical breakdown or blowout at superhighway speed is far deadlier because of the speed itself. And remember that on a superhighway where the traffic is zooming along at sixty or seventy behind you, your tail light is your lifesaver. Be sure it is working, and also be sure the glass is clean, for tail lights dimmed by dust, mud or snow appear misleadingly far away and invite rear-end collisions.

There are new driving wonders and opportunities waiting for you on the broadening Canadian and U. S. network of super- and almost-superhighways. There are new dangers too, but the dangers will disappear when we learn to recognize and handle them. ★

Stop Hanging The Insane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

give all the appearances of normalcy. One psychiatrist tells of a patient—the wife of a wealthy broker—who could intelligently discuss any subject under the sun. However, the simple question: "What does your husband do in the basement?" revealed the true severity of her illness. She firmly believed that her husband concealed the corpses of women in the cellar; that he dismembered them and shipped them all over the country to people engaged in mysterious "experiments." No amount of argument could dislodge her from this belief. These delusional ideas may some day lead her to commit an act of violence. Yet, strictly applying the McNaghten Rules, i.e. knowing the nature and quality of the act and that the act was wrong, such a person would be held by the law to be responsible for her behavior.

Such cases actually occur. A few years ago, Leslie Davidson, a twenty-nine-year-old musician, shot his girl friend in a downtown Toronto restaurant. The shooting took place just after the girl went to the telephone to take a call. As the defense psychiatrists pointed out at the trial, the accused had long suffered delusions of persecution. He now believed that his girl friend was planning to have him killed. The phone call, he believed, was to summon the two men she had chosen to do the job. The court asked, "Granted that the accused did have these delusions, why was it necessary for him to commit murder?" Why didn't he flee? Or why didn't he wait till his "attackers" arrived, then fight it out with them. In other words, a delusional man was expected to act rationally. He was found guilty and executed.

Is a jury of laymen capable of deciding the issue of sanity? Or should the responsibility be placed in the hands of a neutral panel of psychiatrists?

Most members of the legal profession, such as Mr. Justice Dalton Wells, of the Ontario Supreme Court, vigorously defend the competence of juries. "I've never found a jury floundering," he says. One of his colleagues, Mr. Justice Keiller Mackay, observes, "If a jury fails to appreciate the significance of evidence it might be well if counsel and judge in the case look to themselves to determine if they have properly discharged their duties." Joseph Sedgwick, a leading Canadian criminal lawyer, says, "Juries bring in their verdicts according to common sense; psychiatrists tend to think that everybody is crazy."

Psychiatrists favor the use of expert panels, because they believe, in the words of Dr. F. S. Lawson, "Jurymen are inconsistent, and are unduly swayed by the eloquence of lawyers and their own superstitions about mental health." Dr. A. Crisp, Toronto psychiatrist, once gave evidence at a murder trial which featured "a battle of the experts." Later, he says, one of the jurymen told him, "We didn't know what to decide. We talked it over and finally decided to believe you because you had such an honest face."

While they frequently disagree among themselves, some psychiatrists claim their inability to agree—and the consequent confusion among jurors—is partly due to the method now used of putting evidence. All too frequently, they admit, expert testimony is based on a hurried and incomplete investigation of the mental health of the accused.

Take the case of Toronto's nineteen-year-old Donald Fisher. After viewing



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a movie called *The Sniper* twelve times, he accosted two teen-age girls on a downtown street and wounded one of them with a rifle. Later, concealed on top of a billboard, he wounded two other people at the entrance to a restaurant.

Fisher had spent all but six months of the eleven years before the shooting in mental hospitals where he had been diagnosed as "mentally deficient with schizophrenia." Why had he shot at the girls? "I'm mad at girls," said Fisher. "I hate them. Once I offered a girl a piece of gum and she took two

pieces." Why had he singled out the restaurant as a target? "There was a fellow in there I wanted to get. I was going to shoot everyone who came out of there until I got him." Lately he had been troubled with voices who said, "Get them before they get you!"

As a preliminary to Fisher's trial the issue of his fitness to stand was debated in court. A crown psychiatrist expressed the opinion that, as a result of his examination, the accused was well able to follow the proceedings and instruct counsel in his defense. Two defense psychiatrists, armed with

Fisher's hospital records, gave contrary testimony and the jury decided the trial should not go on. Fisher is now in a mental hospital.

In most magistrate's courts, where less serious criminal cases are heard, the mental examination of prisoners is often so haphazard as to be practically worthless. The local prison doctor, to whom the investigation is entrusted, is usually not a trained psychiatrist. Rarely does he report that the prisoner is not "sane and normal in every respect." In an Ontario city recently one such doctor reported favorably on an

old man who made a practice of approaching women and indecently exposing himself. The magistrate later commented, "I don't know who needs the examination the most—the prisoner or the doctor."

An example of how expert medical advice can help the courts is provided by the forensic clinic of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital. When a judge has doubts about a prisoner's sanity he can have him committed to the hospital for several weeks of study and observation. Recently, the bizarre behavior of one prisoner was satisfactorily explained by the discovery in hospital of a well-concealed brain tumor.

If we liberalize the criminal code, will criminals escape punishment by feigning insanity? Most doctors and lawyers agree that an accused can seldom pretend successfully to be insane. Broadly speaking, the faker can choose to simulate one of two types of behavior—excited or depressed. In either case he's usually taking on a job he can't handle.

The faker who tries to stage an excited or manic phase usually can't keep it up. The real sufferer is able to talk incoherently and go without eating or sleeping for days at a time; often he has to be kept alive by intravenous feeding. One faker, exhausted by two days of such behavior, abruptly ceased, gorged his food, and went to sleep for fourteen hours. The real sufferer, who may hear voices continually, is never able to relax. A faker who claimed these symptoms was observed by a psychiatrist to be reading quite comfortably and relaxed when he was alone.

Prisoners are more likely to attempt imitating a depressed state because it seems easier. However, what the faker can't reproduce are the accompanying bodily characteristics—dry hair, anaemia, constipation, subnormal temperature and accelerated pulse.

Told Cloak-and-dagger Yarn

The faker usually has shown no signs of insanity before his crime. Again, he's often naïve enough to point to his head and complain that he's nutty. The mentally ill person, on the other hand, is usually quite satisfied that he's sane and resents any suggestion to the contrary. One of the few cases where mental abnormality was successfully simulated involved a professional actor who had at one time worked in a mental hospital. He could imitate an epileptic seizure right down to the last bodily twitch.

It is probable that cases of feigned sanity are more frequent in the annals of Canadian homicide than feigned insanity. Prisoners in this category commit a crime and then are only too anxious to pay for it with their lives. "It's an involved way they have of committing suicide," comments psychiatrist Crisp. Not only does society have to be protected against such individuals; they need to be protected against themselves. A recent illustrative case was that of Harry Lee, aged thirty-seven, of Hamilton, Ont.

A garage owner living on a highway about forty miles from Hamilton was attracted by the blowing of a car horn early in the morning of June 2, 1952. He went to the car and found Lee bleeding profusely in the front seat. In the back seat was the body of Mrs. Mary Rosenblatt, her chest pierced by two bullets.

Lee told police a fantastic cloak-and-dagger story involving two strangers who kidnapped Mrs. Rosenblatt and himself and terrorized them for two days. Later, he was to give two other versions—each one more elaborate and improbable than the preceding one.

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"Gesundheit!"

John Agro and Gerard Kennedy, Lee's lawyers, were amazed to find that their client really believed the stories he told. They suggested a plea of insanity. Lee became indignant. "I'll have nothing to do with it," he said. He refused to be seen by doctors or psychiatrists and was found guilty and sentenced to hang. An appeal for a new trial ended in failure. Dr. Arthur Doyle, a prominent psychiatrist whom Lee agreed to see after his trial, reported that the prisoner had "a paranoid type of illness" and seriously questioned his sanity. A plea for clemency to the Minister of Justice was rejected and Harry Lee walked to the gallows, singing and smiling.

If our courts required a compulsory mental examination of all those facing a serious charge the outcome of the Lee case might have been different.

Closely allied to feigned insanity is the plea of temporary insanity, which includes a variety of conditions such as amnesia, blackout and irresistible impulse.

Our courts are frankly sceptical when a lawyer pleads that his client committed murder or assault while he was temporarily insane and didn't know or couldn't remember what he was doing. This scepticism is shared by the medical profession. Dr. Frederic Wertham, one of New York's leading psychiatrists, says, "Temporary insanity is a nonexistent condition arising from a defect in the law. It is used in any case lacking a better defense."

There are *bona fide* mental conditions where the person commits a violent act when in a state of clouded consciousness. But any attempt to explain a crime by the way of "a blackout" in the absence of a convincing history of mental illness is apt to end in failure. Frank Kasperek, who operated a farm near St. Catharines, Ont., found that out.

Police had arrested Kasperek at nine o'clock on the morning of June 28, 1950. At the time he was choking his wife and shouting, "I'll kill you." Kasperek's lawyer pleaded that his client had experienced a temporary blackout between the hours of eight and nine-fifteen that morning. A psychiatrist testified that Kasperek had been in a depressed state. Two crown psychiatrists, who had observed Kasperek in hospital before the trial, stated that there was no possibility of amnesia during the crime. Was Kasperek lying? Not necessarily. One of the crown witnesses explained it was possible that Kasperek was so revulsed by his crime that he had successfully repressed the memory of it. Kasperek was sentenced to ten years in prison.

The Ontario Court of Appeal reduced

his sentence to three years but refused him a new trial. "Impulsive insanity is the last refuge of a hopeless defense," observed Justice Bowlby in handing down the court's decision. "There is no such defense and such a defense should not be recognized in our courts."

The law is similarly unyielding when an accused pleads that his crime was committed in response to an "irresistible impulse." The most outspoken declaration against the "irresistible impulse" defense in Canada was made by Justice Riddell in the case of Rex vs. Creighton in 1908: "The law says to men who say that they are afflicted with an irresistible impulse, 'If you cannot resist an impulse in any other way, we will hang a rope in front of your eyes and perhaps that will help.'"

When Dr. G. H. Stevenson polled Canadian psychiatrists they were overwhelmingly against legalizing the irresistible impulse as a defense.

What happens to a person accused of murder who is found not guilty on account of insanity?

The practice is to commit him to a mental hospital where he remains at the pleasure of the lieutenant-governor; this generally means incarceration for life. To the doctor who recommends the discharge of such a patient from hospital because he has recovered, the provincial attorney-general usually asks, in effect, "Can you give me a foolproof guarantee that this man will not commit murder again?" No such guarantee can be given. Indeed, when one attorney-general asked for such an assurance the psychiatrist turned to him and said, "I can't even guarantee that the attorney-general won't commit a murder some day!"

Many psychiatrists believe this policy is unnecessarily severe. With modern treatment many mental patients fully recover, including some who have committed murder. A young man of twenty-one was committed to a Saskatchewan mental hospital after he had murdered his sweetheart. After a few years the hospital director was convinced that the boy was completely normal. For three years the director tried unsuccessfully to get him discharged. He pointed out that the ex-murderer was cheerful, constructive and sociable. He had learned to be a dental technician in the hospital clinic and the dentist referred to him as his most valuable employee. Finally, in desperation, the director permitted his patient to take a job as technician with a prominent dentist in a nearby city. The patient would go to work every morning and return to the hospital at night. He made good at the job and, at the end of two years, had saved several hundred dollars. It was only after the director was able to point out that his patient had been living in society successfully for two years that his release was obtained.

We have learned a great deal about the human mind since the McNaghten Rules were introduced one hundred and ten years ago. That is why the Canadian Mental Health Association recently suggested to the Parliamentary Committee on the Revision of the Criminal Code that the sections dealing with sanity are in need of modernization. This view is shared by some Canadian lawyers but by no means all. Similar requests have been made in the United States by the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association. The advocates of reform believe that law and medicine must co-operate in the task of rewriting the present laws. Such a step, they claim, will eliminate much of the present confusion, protect the mentally ill prisoner from himself and also help to safeguard the community in which he lives. ★

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Don't Put Your Heart On a Horse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

was too late. There was a sudden noise, a general upsurge in the stands and the horses were off around the track.

In that moment as Pop stood up, the shimmering heat of the day, the dust, the smell of hot dogs and the roar of the crowd became fixed, motionless. Then the scene moved on swiftly keeping

time with the flying hoofs of the chestnut horse as it moved toward the front. Now he was no longer old Poppa Janowski but he was young Thadeus with his brother Fedor, racing across the meadow.

The years slipped away as they raced, only Thadeus and Fedor digging their bare heels into their horses' flanks and yelling aloud with the joy of the morning and smelling the pungent smell of their horses' sweating bodies. And Thadeus on number seven was out in front, in front, in front . . .

He stood dizzy and panting as the

race ended. "Fedor," he whispered, "I won. I beat you. This once I beat you." Then he became aware of the crowd and the tickets in his hand and his mind came around full circle into the present. Fiona's horse had won!

He began to show the tickets to the people around him. "Look," he said proudly. "Twenty dollars on him. Number seven. How's that for luck?"

"Luck?" somebody said. "Do you see those odds? Oh, man."

"Got any more tips?" someone else said. "Know any jockeys? What's your horse in the next, Pops?"

Pop shook his head and made his way to the stairway. This was no time to waste talking. Fiona would be waiting, watching for him, singing maybe the way she used to do.

"Well, Poppa," she would say, "Shoes for Gavin," or maybe, "A new hat for me, Poppa." Sure, that's what Momma would have said. Always the new hat. A tiny smile turned up the corners of his mouth. Such crazy hats Momma would buy every time.

But four hundred dollars. Suddenly Pop's footsteps faltered on the stairway as he realized for the first time how much money Fiona's horse had won.

Four hundred dollars. What would Fiona do with it? No need even to wonder. "The trip, Poppa. That's what I'll use it for." That's what she'd say.

Yeah, Pop thought, apprehension fluttering in his throat. Yeah. Maybe the horse wasn't such a good thing after all. What was there to keep Fiona here now that she had enough money to go home to Scotland with the little one? An emptiness such as Pop had never known settled coldly around his heart.

FIONA danced wildly across the kitchen floor, her slippers scuffing the linoleum with a quick sighing noise like the wind through the trees. Once, twice she twirled, and the second time she fell against the table and shook the hot jars of crab apples she had just finished preserving. She was scarcely aware of it, nor of the sound of the radio blaring the racing commentary. There was no feeling in her but the deep exultant beating of her own heart. Edinburgh Rock had won, as she had known that it would. Forty to win, the announcer had said. A two-dollar bet would pay forty dollars.

"Do you know what that means, my girl?" she asked herself. "Four hundred dollars." Oh, it was beyond her wildest dreams. She could go home now instead of waiting and saving and hoping for years. Home. No more working on the night shift with Gavin at a day nursery and the housework always getting behind. No more—oh, no more just existing in this place. She could go home. Now, anytime, in two weeks if she felt like it. Home, home, home.

She bit her bottom lip excitedly. Hadn't she known that horse would win? Hadn't she known it? She'd been what her grandmother used to call "fey" although perhaps it wasn't exactly that. No, it was more of a hunch. A lucky hunch. A wonderful, lucky hunch.

Wait till Pop came home. "Didn't I tell you?" she'd say. "You were so sure I'd lose." She'd never have a hunch like that again, though. It was just one of those things. All last night she had been thinking of Eddie and Edinburgh where they had met, and then, coming home in the bus she had turned to the sports page in the morning paper and there was the horse called Edinburgh Rock. It was as simple as that.

"When she wins," Pop had said, "I run all the way home."

Four hundred dollars. It was right, wasn't it? She picked the pencil stub off the window sill and multiplied it out. Twenty times twenty. Of course it was four hundred.

She looked at her watch. It was 2.45. Pop would be coming right home, as he had promised. She knew he wouldn't linger. All that money. She hoped he wouldn't stop and talk to anyone. Pickpockets were so clever. But Pop wouldn't let anyone . . .

She laughed aloud nervously. Such haverings. Of course nothing would happen to the money. Pop wasn't a

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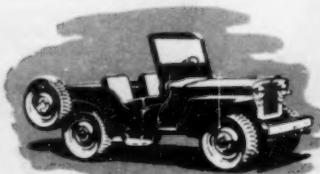
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child. Even now he was putting the money in his worn old wallet and leaving the track.

Supposing he caught a streetcar, say, in ten minutes. It was only a twenty-minute ride home. He would be home in half an hour.

She took off her housecoat and began to dress. Her hands were cold and trembled on the fastener of her dress, and in spite of the July heat that seeped into her room, she shivered.

OH, to be in Edinburgh again. Edinburgh, with the wind sweeping up the steps at Waverley station, and her hat blowing into Eddie's hand. That was how she had met him. Eddie with his laughing dark eyes and white teeth, trim and smart in his uniform.

"You dropped something, miss?" he had asked gaily, holding the small green hat out to her.

"Oh, thank you." She had returned his smile shyly, aware of her disheveled hair and the capricious wind tugging at her coat skirt. "My hat."

"It's very windy," he had continued. "You could put it on better if we went into a little café somewhere—." He glanced around quickly, and then as he saw her lips forming a determined "no" he added, "I'm just dying for a decent cup of coffee."

He looked at her so appealingly that she weakened, in spite of the fact that it was such an obvious line. After all, what harm in having a cup of coffee with a soldier you were never likely to see again? It was Saturday afternoon, it was springtime, she wasn't going anywhere in particular.

Oh, but she had gone a long way she reflected now as she looked out of her window and watched the cloud of dust that rose behind a passing car. She was a world, an age, a lifetime away from that windy day in Scotland and her meeting with Eddie.

"Do you, Edward Janowski take this woman," she whispered, remembering the big church, almost empty, and the sunlight streaming in, encircling them as they stood before the altar.

She would take the train from Greenock when she landed, she decided, and arrive back at Waverley station.

"This is where your father and I met," she would tell Gavin, taking him to the top of the steps. She would take Gavin everywhere that she had gone with Eddie; along the narrow cobbled streets from the Castle to Holyrood Palace, up the windswept heights of Calton Hill to Nelson's monument, and on Sundays she would take him to the Gardens on Princes Street. Gavin thought Grandpa Janowski's flower garden was the nicest in the world. Wait till he saw

the clock of flowers in the Gardens!

She put on her best stockings, checking to see that the seams were straight. She flicked a little piece of fluff off her black suede shoes and slipped them on her small feet.

How her feet had ached that day in London when she and Eddie had tramped around trying to find a hotel room. She had begun to think that they would spend their honeymoon just walking around from hotel to hotel, when they had at last found a room.

She sat on the edge of her bed now, and surveyed her feet, moving her ankles around absently.

"You've got such perfect feet," Eddie had said that day. "Such perfect, tiny feet."

She stood up quickly and looked at her watch. It was 3.05. With luck Pop would be home in ten minutes. She swallowed audibly. It would be hard to leave Pop, just the same. He depended upon her so much. Too much. But he could get someone to live with him, and share expenses. There was old Adam Brodie who had worked on the railroad with Pop, and who was living with young Adam and his family in two rooms over on the west side. Adam would be good for Pop, and Pop was used to Adam.

And I'll write, she promised herself. Every week. And when Gavin goes to school I'll have him write a little letter every fortnight, and I'll talk to him about Pop, so he won't forget him.

She looked at her watch again. Pop would be coming in the gate any time now. She could even go and meet him. But no. Let him come in with the money, his face happy. Let him feel that he was giving her something, that he was the donor.

She went into the kitchen and looked out of the window. Except for young Frankie Bashnik who was aimlessly kicking a tin can along the road, the street was quite deserted. Pop must have missed the streetcar.

Later still, annoyance vied with worry. What could have happened to him? It was almost four. He had had ample time to get home. Surely he wouldn't stay on till the end of the races, knowing that she would be waiting. No, Pop wouldn't do that to her, she was sure. She would give him another half hour. Then she would phone the police.

The minutes dragged on. She made supper for herself and Gavin, but she had no appetite for the food on her plate, and poked at it dispiritedly. Once she asked Gavin how he would like to go and stay with his grandparents in Scotland, but even as she asked, the fear within her killed the game of make-believe, and she was

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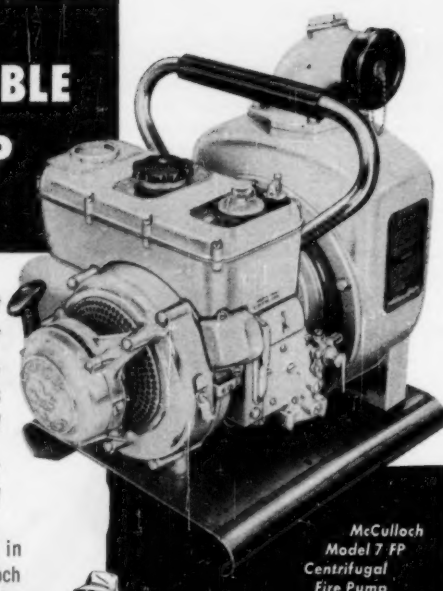
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"There's one in every family."

relieved when he did not reply.

Once more she glanced at her watch. 4.30. She would wait ten more minutes. Perhaps she was being foolish, waiting. Sometimes minutes counted. If he'd been beaten and robbed—the papers were full of things like that.

I'll call now, she resolved, and went toward the phone. How tall was Pop? Five-nine? Oh, no. Five-six was closer. A small man, she rehearsed, grey hair, blue eyes, wearing a battered hat, grey in color, a faded plaid shirt, trousers—what color? Denims? She couldn't think. She went into his room and opened his cupboard door. His good suit was hanging there, which left only his denims.

Well then, denims. Slightly built, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. Last seen going down Abel-mair Avenue at two o'clock. No, one o'clock.

She went into the hall to the phone and stood there a moment leaning against the wall. Her throat felt tight and she drew a shuddering breath.

I don't care about the money, she thought. Just as long as he comes home safe and sound.

HHEY." Gavin ran in through the kitchen. "Here comes Granpa." "Oh, Gavin." She bit her lip in relief. "Thank God."

From the porch she watched as Pop came up the walk, his gait unsteady, and she ran toward him, her face contorted in anxiety.

"Poppa, what's wrong? Are you ill?"

Ida Bashnik next door was leaning over the fence. "Aw, he's okay. He's okay," she yelled. "He's drunk. Make him some good strong coffee. He'll be okay in the morning."

Trembling, Fiona ignored Ida, and put her arm around Pop. "Lean on me," she whispered. "Oh, it's my fault, sending you out in all that heat."

She helped him through the door, and gently pushed him onto a chair.

"Gavin, get your grandfather a glass of water. Hurry."

Gavin scraped a chair over to the sink and turned on the tap. Fiona fussed around Pop, opening his shirt front and smoothing his hair back from his forehead.

He drank the water Gavin offered him and the color came back, a little, to his face.

Fiona filled the coffeepot and put it on the stove.

"Do you want to lie down?" He shook his head. "I lost the money," he said.

"Lost it?"

"I bet it on a horse. The next race."

The water in the coffeepot began to boil, and Fiona automatically measured the coffee into it. The water came up the stem. *Punk*, it went slowly. Then *punk*, *punk*, *punk*. The fragrant smell of coffee filled the air.

"What—" She swallowed, tried again. "What for, Poppa? Why?"

He hung his head and his work-worn fingers braided themselves with each other.

"I wanted to go with you," he said thickly.

The black brew of hate boiled within her as she looked at him, and she shook with the intensity of it. She wanted to scream at him, to rant and rave and tear her hair, to give herself over to the emotion that possessed her. She turned her back to him and began to cry then with her hands over her face and the bitter tears trickling between her fingers.

There would be more years of working at the mill. Years of working, skimping, saving a few dollars at a time for the journey home with Gavin—sometime.

Sometime. Well, it would happen, she knew that. Not in two weeks, now, or even two years, and when it did, it would be all the sweeter for the waiting. She had never liked the prairie, she realized that now. She had never seen the dew on the shiny poplars, or given her heart to the song of the meadowlark for the vision of her homeland that had obscured her own horizon.

She blew her nose vigorously, and wiped her eyes. She wanted to reassure Pop, to tell him that she understood, but she could not find the words. "Pop," she said. She lifted the percolator from the stove and poured two cups of coffee. Gently she pushed the sugar bowl toward him. "Sugar Pop?" she asked. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

admit some Conservative gain, but even the Conservatives do not predict a sweep. Many observers split all three provinces fifty-fifty between Liberals and Conservatives with Cape Breton South going CCF as usual. This would give one party twelve Maritime seats and the other thirteen—you can toss a coin to decide which gets which. Totalling east and west, that gives the Liberals thirty-nine or forty, the Conservatives twenty-one or twenty-two.

Central Canada is, of course, the real battleground. It's no coincidence that both leaders are doing their most intensive barnstorming in Quebec and Ontario.

Conservatives' hopes are highest, naturally, in Ontario. In 1945, with a smaller House of Commons, they won forty-eight seats in Ontario out of John Bracken's total of sixty-seven. This year even the Liberals concede them fifty seats and the Conservatives hope for as many as sixty. That would leave the Liberals, who now hold fifty-four Ontario seats, a maximum of thirty-five and a minimum of twenty-five.

In Quebec the situation is reversed. In spite of all their intensive cultivation Conservatives know they have not made enough progress to win any substantial fraction of Quebec this time. Quebec might vote against Louis St. Laurent, in certain circumstances. Quebec might vote for George Drew, in certain circumstances. But very few Conservatives are so optimistic as to expect Quebec to do both at the same time.

Liberals now hold sixty-seven of Quebec's seventy-three seats, Conservatives and independents three apiece. (An independent may be a Duplessis man who votes with the Conservatives or a Liberal who failed to get the official Liberal nomination.) In the next parliament Quebec will have seventy-five seats of which the Liberals hope to win at least seventy. Some Conservatives think the Liberals can be held as low as sixty but a commoner opinion gives the Liberals sixty-five and splits the remaining ten between Conservatives and independents.

In Quebec and Ontario together, then, you get a high of a hundred and five and a low of eighty-five for the Liberals; for the Conservatives a high of maybe seventy and a low of fifty-five. For the whole country it works out to a Liberal high of a hundred and forty-five, which is a clear majority of twenty-five over the combined opposition, and a low of a hundred and twenty-four which is nine seats short of a majority. But since the Conservative high is only ninety-odd the Liberals would form the Government in either case.

Of course these estimates may turn out to be wholly inaccurate—most election prophecies do. (I met only one man who was anywhere near right in

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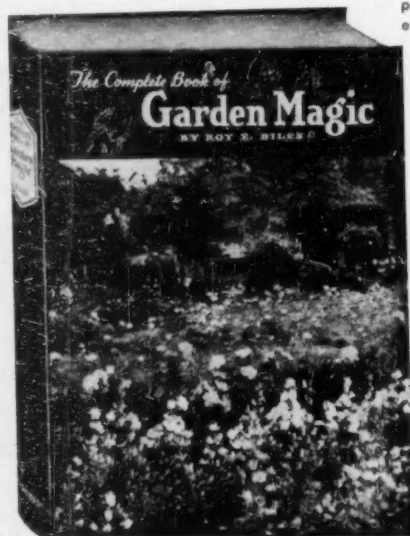
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Clothes Talk

By Ralph Edwards, Men's Wear of Canada

HOW TO BE "WELL-DRESSED"

Being well-dressed need not be the distinction given a man simply because he has an extensive wardrobe or because he is a fashion plate. Both the bank president and the man who works in overalls can be termed "well-dressed." The difference lies simply in the adequacy and choice of clothes a man wears for his particular needs in life.

A man who wears overalls all his working day probably needs only one dress-up suit, overcoat, hat and shoes, plus accompanying shirts and ties. With

one outfit carefully selected, he's well-dressed when his leisure time demands dress-up clothes. He may be a fishing enthusiast with a full wardrobe of active sports clothes. Gardening may be his hobby in which case good work boots, comfortable dungarees and a work shirt are his summer outfit. Because he's interested in comfort, he doesn't wear worn-out shoes and cast-off clothing when he's on his own time. In his case, he's a well-dressed man.

The salesman's neat pin stripes and plain grey pic-and-pics selected for their clean cut appearance make him a well-dressed man. He need not necessarily have any sports clothes other than slacks and sports jackets for quiet week-ends at home.

The bank president may have what is considered to be a complete wardrobe which embraces all of the various formal and informal outfits plus many business suits. Because his position demands such attire, he may possibly be selected as one of Canada's ten best dressed men.

Dress suitably and comfortably for your needs in life — that's the yardstick for being well-dressed.

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1949, and he is a civil servant who has no connection with politics.) But the interesting thing is the degree to which these 1953 guesses are accepted in all parties.

ANOTHER interesting point is that the Conservatives are not at all gloomy in their appraisal of the future —quite the contrary. They don't expect to win the 1953 election but they don't really mind because they are sure they'll win the next one. A lot of Liberals admit that they are right.

Liberals are in a kind of Indian summer period and they know it all too well. They are quite certain they are coming back for one more term. But their certainty that it's the last term is so prevalent, so generally taken for granted, that it looks like a Freudian "death wish"—a half-conscious desire to be defeated.

Nobody knows better than the Liberals that the Liberals have been in office too long. Their cabinet ministers are ageing and tiring and they've had enough of power to dull the keen edge of appetite for the top job when Prime Minister St. Laurent retires. Their backbenchers are bored, frustrated and devoid of hope. The queues are too long at every conceivable opening for advancement. Many of them are coming to think it would be more fun in opposition.

They think it would do them good to be in opposition and they know it would do the Conservatives good to be in office. Older members, and especially parliamentary assistants, are uncomfortably aware that the Opposition no longer knows how to oppose. Too long away from the routines of administration, deprived of the normal "intelligence service" which opposition parties get from the civil servants they appointed, the Conservatives allow the Liberals to get away with murder and even the Liberals know it's a bad thing for the country.

So far, there is nothing in the Gallup Poll results to show that the average voter is aware of this situation. But if it continues and develops as it seems likely to do the voters before long will realize the Liberals' loss of true self-confidence. When they do, the Liberals will go out at the next opportunity.

WHILE the Western world's attention has been focused on Korea and China a bad situation has been developing at the opposite corner of Asia. The new state of Pakistan is in very heavy weather indeed.

The immediate trouble is famine. Pakistan normally grows enough wheat to feed itself and provide a small surplus for export. This year, to avert starvation, Pakistan must get a million and a half tons of wheat abroad. The U. S. is expected to supply a million tons. Canada is sending ten million dollars' worth (125,000 tons) under the Colombo Plan and will probably vote a special extra payment to cover part of this amount when parliament reconvenes.

Drought was the major cause of the famine but this is more than a calamity of nature. Famine has revealed grave lacks in the very structure of the state of Pakistan which unless corrected may bring the nation to collapse.

For example, Pakistan is a country without statistics. Reliable reports on the national economy do not exist and the government's calculations must be founded on guesswork. This may not seem a vital defect—statisticians are not ordinarily regarded as particularly essential workers. Yet the lack of statistics in Pakistan has meant that nobody knows a crisis is coming until after it arrives.



MACLEAN'S

"I think it was less repulsive the way you used to wear it."

The current famine is a case in point. The government in Karachi first learned of it from the newspapers—a small news item reporting starvation in a village in the Punjab. Since this was in the heart of a food-producing area the government sent men up to find out what was wrong. They found the food situation already desperate.

Moreover, some of the contributing causes of the famine were foreseeable, though apparently not foreseen. India controls some of the rivers on which Pakistan depends for irrigation. In time of water shortage India uses what she needs and gives Pakistan the rest—which wasn't much this year. But although this situation was known from the moment Pakistan became a state nothing effective has been done to find either other water for irrigation or other sources of food.

Other sources are available. In Bengal, fields which could be producing rice are still being planted in jute. Jute has become almost an obsolete commodity in the last few years—the economic war between India and Pakistan, which left jute mills idle in Calcutta while jute fields stood unharvested in East Pakistan, drove customers all over the world to using paper and plastic substitutes which proved to be better anyway. The market for jute is near the vanishing point, whereas rice is desperately needed and fetches more than double the price. Nevertheless jute is still planted in the fields where it has always been planted.

Constitutionally there is no reason why the Pakistani government should not take control of agriculture, limit the acreage of jute and increase production of rice and wheat. Pakistan is not yet a democracy and the government, in theory, can do anything it likes. In practice the government lacks the strength for this or any other drastic measure.

The strong Prime Minister Liaquat Ali Khan was assassinated. The present Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, a former high commissioner to Canada who was popular here in Ottawa, is amiable and well-intentioned but not a man of outstanding strength. He faces more crises than famine. In Pakistan as in most parts of Asia the cry for land reform, the abolition of landlords, has become louder and more urgent—but nowhere are the landlords more powerful than they are in Pakistan. Mohammed Ali cannot satisfy the poor without offending the rich, and vice versa; he is caught in a permanent dilemma which the famine merely accentuates.

What the end of the story will be nobody knows. Meanwhile it's a reminder that not all the world's troubles and problems are connected with the cold war. ★

But You Can Get a Man With a Gun

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

of other men. The fact was that Spencer played the field. He had played it longer and wider than anyone Charles had ever known. And the catches he had made during the playing were simply incredible.

Spencer had won the hearts of actresses, of models, of career women, of debutantes. If there was a beautiful girl in Canada whom Spencer hadn't dated it was only because he hadn't seen her. And that wasn't likely because he went everywhere and had a penchant for unearthing beauty. But not one of these delightful creatures had won Spencer's heart. He had never been known to make that fair exchange that love requires. He received but he did not give.

His friends were accustomed to seeing Spencer squire some young charmer for several weeks with every appearance of devotion. Then she would be seen no more, except, perhaps, in a shadowy corner in some bar where she sat alone sniffing into a hankie. Spencer would be on with the new immediately, and the new always managed to be more beautiful than the last, however beautiful the last had been. The story had told and retold itself so often that Spencer's friends merely waited with breathless excitement for each new wonder to appear. And regularly, every few weeks, she appeared, to rule as Spencer's queen until it was her turn to be deposed.

Some of the men Charles knew had hoped to catch a few of the cast-away crumbs from Spencer's bounteous table, but none had ever succeeded. The young women never seemed to recover from Spencer's charm and they mourned him beyond all reason. After a few gloomy dinners during which the host listened to a long recital of the wrongs Spencer had done them, he would give up and seek cheerier, if less glamorous, companionship.

And now Spencer was engaged to be married!

The vital question tumbled from Charles' lips in almost incoherent haste. "Who is she?"

"Dorothy Hastings," Spencer announced, with a rather anxious glance at his eager companion. "You remember her?"

If Charles had been surprised before he now completely reassessed his position. What he had felt before was a mere shadow of what he felt now. He had naturally assumed, in the quick assumptions he had done since the announcement, that it was some new beauty who had won Spencer's hand. But this was one of the deposed queens. And not even the latest one at that. She was the one before the one before the last.

"Why, of course I remember her," he answered, lamely. "She was a brunette, the one with the . . . the . . ."

He had almost said "bosom" before he caught himself. While it was quite all right to admire the good points about Spencer's queens, such remarks about a wife-to-be were probably not in good taste.

"Yes, that's the one," Spencer encouraged him. "She has got a beautiful figure, hasn't she? I wasn't sure you'd remember."

His tone, lately so mysterious, was now one of utter and complete satisfaction, easily recognizable by any novice in the study of human nature.

But Charles was too excited to perceive anything. He leaned forward with his mouth open. "How

did it happen?" he asked, with almost indecent curiosity.

"Well," began Spencer, slowly, savoring his friend's interest, "you know how I am about girls?" And he gave his friend a modest little smile which encompassed all his activities during the past ten years.

"Yes, yes, of course," nodded Charles impatiently.

"Well," said Spencer again, "Dorothy was the one before . . ."

"The one before the one before the last," interrupted Charles.

"Yes, and we ran into each other again just a couple of weeks ago and first thing I knew, well, that was it."

Charles looked at Spencer. And Spencer looked back, his expression pure innocence.

"Now look here, Spence," Charles yelped, throwing caution overboard, "I want to know what happened. So stop looking like the cat with the canary and give me the dope on it. Why . . ." and he looked over his shoulder, cautiously, "it's a thing that might happen to any of us and we ought to know what to look out for. Now be a good sport and tell me."

"But that's just it," smiled the newly engaged man. "I'm not sure anything did happen. But we're engaged all right and I'm glad."

"Look, Spence, just start at the beginning and tell me all, there's a good fellow. Perhaps there was something you didn't see, a wrong move, maybe, something that an outsider might spot."

"No, if there was anything, I spotted it all right," Spencer assured him. "It wasn't a thing you could miss. Here, let's take a table and have our dinner and I'll tell you everything."

So it was to the accompaniment of a lobster dinner followed by Danish pastry and cherry brandy that Charles heard the story of Spencer Graham's engagement.

SHE came into my office two weeks ago," Spencer began briskly, "and she was simply glowing. I was nearly bowled over again, except," and he gave Charles an apologetic smile, "except that I never allow myself to do that. I hadn't seen her for a couple of months. After we broke up she came around a few times, phoned and wrote notes. You know, the way girls do when they aren't quite ready to give up."

Charles nodded. He did not like to admit that he knew nothing of such matters from personal experience and he had heard of Spencer's difficulties during the breakup periods before.

"Well, things hadn't been too happy when we last met, but when she came in she was as pleasant as anybody could be. Sat down and chit-chatted like old times. I enjoyed it myself. But I was careful, just the same. I didn't want to go through that again."

"That's right," Charles agreed, and looked very wise. "One doesn't want to go through that twice with the same girl."

"That's it. So I was careful. And then . . ." he hesitated, and Charles sensed they were near the heart of the matter, "and then, I asked her what she'd been doing lately and she said . . . she said . . ."

"Yes, yes. Go on, man," urged Charles.

"She said she'd been taking shooting lessons."

"Shooting lessons?"

"Yes, that's the way I felt too," said Spencer. "But that's what she said. Shooting lessons. She said she had started them two months before and that she'd had very good luck. That's the way she put it, 'very good luck.' She said she'd won some sort of

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competition that very day. She said that was what she'd been aiming at because she wanted to be really good and that she had done it and that now she was ready."

"Ready?" repeated Charles, and a very tiny shiver crept up the base of his neck. "Ready for what?"

"Just exactly what I asked," Spencer approved. "And she looked at me and smiled and said 'Why, ready for anything. Any emergency. You know the sort of thing.' And I just looked like a fool and nodded and said I understood. But I didn't at all."

"What else did she say?"

"Nothing much. She opened her handbag, one of those cavernous affairs, and took out a little revolver. It was all shined up and had mother of pearl trimmings, the nicest little gun I ever saw. She asked me if I didn't think it was pretty and of course I said I did. Then she just sat there, twirling it, with an odd little smile on her face."

"Good God, man, what did you do?"

"Do? What could I do? I just sat there and smiled and talked. We discussed mutual friends and the weather and the political situation and Vincent Massey and plays and books and the way canasta died out and she just kept on twirling that gun. Then she mentioned dinner."

"Dinner?" Charles repeated again and he began to feel like a stuck phonograph record but he couldn't help it.

"Yes, dinner. She said she thought it would be nice for us to have dinner for old times' sake."

"You weren't fool enough to take her, were you?" Charles asked, rudely.

"What would you have done? I started to make some sort of excuse, something about a previous engagement, and she brought the gun up in her hand so it was pointing at me and I said yes, I thought it would be very nice."

"You mean she aimed it at you? She was going to shoot?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that! It turned out to be accidental. She just lifted it up to put it back in her bag, that was all, and I foolishly thought . . . Well, anyway, we went to dinner."

"But surely," Charles expostulated, "surely you could have seen to it that nothing else developed?"

"Well, it wasn't so easy, you know. You see, I'd got this silly notion about the gun and what with her being such a good shot I didn't like to offend her."

"Damned if I'd let any woman scare me with a little old gun!" Charles muttered but Spencer went straight on.

"After dinner she suggested going to a play we'd been talking about and I began to say something about work piled up at the office and she took the gun out of her handbag. I said the work could wait and she put it back. It was as simple as that."

"My God! But that's . . . that's . . . blackmail or something. She actually threatened you! And with a gun!"

"Oh, no. You see, she wanted her lipstick and it was under the gun, so she just lifted it out while she got the lipstick and I was nervous, so I thought

. . . Well, what you thought."

"I see," Charles sat back with a sigh. "I see. She wanted her lipstick."

"Yes. So we went to the play. It was a good one, too. Sideways To The Moon. Have you seen it?"

"No," Charles hadn't.

"Then I took her home and she asked me up. I was going to say I was tired but she opened her handbag again so I said yes, instead. But it turned out she was only getting her key and I needn't have gone. But it was too late then."

"Yes," agreed Charles, "I can see that it was."

"You wouldn't believe how attractively she has her place fixed up. She doesn't pay much rent there, you know, but it's beautiful. I was surprised."

"Yes," Charles said again.

"I stayed pretty late. She made coffee and sandwiches. It was very cosy. Did you know she plays the piano?"

"No. She seems to have a lot of talents I didn't know about," Charles told him, sarcastically. But Spencer didn't seem to notice.

"Well, she does. She played a lot of classical stuff. Mostly Mozart. I've always liked Mozart best. And, as I said, it was pretty late when I left. When I was going out the door she said it was so sweet of me to ask her for lunch next day and she'd meet me at the office at one."

"You fool! What did you ask her to lunch for? You were as good as done for right then!"

"But I didn't ask her for lunch."

"But you said . . ."

"No, you idiot! She said."

Charles leaned back in his chair. He rubbed his hands across his eyes and then shook his head, hard.

Spencer looked at him with pity for his stupidity.

"She just said I asked her for lunch," he explained, speaking slowly as one does to a child not overly bright. "I hadn't really asked her."

"Oh," Charles sighed again. "I see."

"Now don't tell me I didn't have to take her. I knew that. So next day I went for lunch at twelve and I didn't come back until two."

"Good boy!" And Charles sat up again, his expression brightening.

"It wasn't so good, though. When I got back she was in the office waiting. And she had a little handbag this time and she had the handle all bunched up tight in her hand so you could see the outline of the thing inside."

"And it was the gun," Charles stated, with absolute certainty.

"Yes, it was the gun. She was very pleasant. She told me not to feel badly about being late; that she knew businessmen were often detained. She said she would forgive me this time. And she smiled and sort of fiddled with the bag. She said she was getting pretty hungry, though, and perhaps we had better hurry. So we went out for lunch."

Charles stared at him. "But you'd just had lunch!"

"I know that. But we went anyway."

"Yes," said Charles, slowly. "Yes, of course. You went anyway."

"You ought to have seen what she

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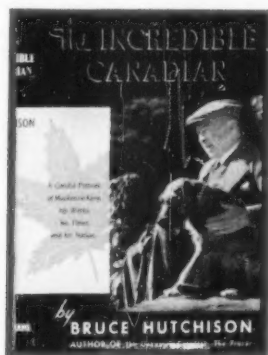


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was wearing that day," Spencer went on, his eyes gleaming. "It was red and it, well, it certainly fit her extremely well and the people all stared when we went in."

"Did she have the gun in her hand?" Charles asked with blatant irony.

"No, of course not. It was still in the handbag."

And Charles knew it was no use and subsided.

"Somehow at lunch, something was said about a dance that night. One of those big social shindigs. She had invitations. I agreed to go right away. But it was only her handkerchief she wanted that time."

"But you needn't have showed up for that!"

"I didn't."

"But surely that was the end of it?"

"I went to an early movie and I saw it twice and I came home about midnight. She was sitting on the top step near my door. She was smiling, too. Not the least bit put out. You ought to have seen her evening dress! It was a sort of gold color and it was cut pretty low and she had a necklace . . ."

"Where was the gun?" Charles interrupted bluntly.

"In her hand."

Charles was shocked. "Good God, man! Why didn't you call the police? That was going too far altogether. After all, one doesn't carry guns to a dance!"

"Well, I wasn't sure she'd let me, you know. Call the police, I mean. And it was just as well I didn't, anyway. I'd have felt so foolish when she explained. You see, when I didn't turn up, she just went round to the shooting gallery for awhile. She said she didn't want to get out of practice. And the gun wouldn't go in her evening bag so she just carried it in her hand. So then we went."

"Went? Went where?" asked Charles dazedly.

"Why, to the dance! She said we would just have time for the last one. And we did, too. And some silly fool cut in but she just waved the gun at him and he went away."

"You mean she took the gun to the dance?"

"Yes. I thought she ought to leave it at my place but she said that was the very worst thing you could do. She said that when I came back, if there were burglars there they would just use that gun to shoot me with. She said she would feel terrible if I was shot with her gun."

Charles put his head down on his arms on the table. But Spencer ignored him.

"The next day I asked Dad if I could take a few weeks off and he said I could. I got tickets for a three weeks' cruise and I didn't bother much about packing. But it didn't do any good."

Charles had lifted his head in hope. Now he stared at Spencer with the look of one who knows he will hear bad news but longs to hear it just the same.

"What did she do?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Well, I took the train for Montreal that very night. I couldn't get a compartment, so I took a berth and went straight to bed. When I got up in the morning a lovely girl got out of the upper berth."

Charles put his head back on his arms.

"It was Dorothy," Spencer went on, with a kind of relish. "She was in a pink negligee, all frothy down the front." He made a curving motion with his hands.

"WHERE WAS THE GUN?" Charles shouted. And several people in the bar turned uneasily and stared at him.

"In her hand," Spencer answered calmly. "She always carries it on trains, she said. She said she used to carry it even before she could shoot but now that she's such a good shot she carries it all the more, if you know what I mean."

Charles didn't. And he doubted if Spencer did. But it didn't seem to matter.

"So we turned the cruise ticket in and came back on the next train and Dad was rather surprised, I think. So I told him I was sick. In fact, I think I was sick, a little. I went to bed, anyway, and I told my man not to let anyone in, not anyone. But, of course, he did."

"You mean to say he disobeyed orders and let someone in when you had told him not to?"

"Well, he feels the same way about guns as I do," Spencer answered easily. "You can see how he felt."

"Yes, of course," Charles agreed. "I know just how he felt."

"She stayed right there and made



Feyer

me broth. It's very nice and it's supposed to be nourishing but it's not what you'd call filling. And Dorothy thought I oughtn't to smoke or drink while I was ill either. So next day I was better."

"What did you do then?" Charles asked, in a hollow tone.

"What would you have done?" Spencer countered.

"If you'd told the police you would have felt like a fool," ventured Charles. "Exactly," Spencer said.

"You could have pretended . . ."

"To fall in with her plans?" Spencer finished for him. "That's just what I did. And that was my biggest mistake. I mean," he corrected himself, hastily, "I mean that's just how it happened."

"What happened?" asked Charles, having lost the track.

"How we got engaged. I fell in with her plans. I took her everywhere. The first place I took her was to the shooting gallery, to see if she really could shoot, you know."

"And . . .?" Charles questioned, hopefully, even though he knew.

"She could. Bull's-eye every time!" Spencer announced with pride. "Just rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat, all over the place and every one dead on."

There was a silence for a few minutes. Then Charles spoke. "But couldn't you just have gone on taking her places until she got tired of it?"

"Perhaps. I don't know. It didn't work out that way, anyway. I took her out in a canoe on the lake last night. When we were in the middle that gun turned up! She was looking for her compact and the gun tumbled out in the boat and she picked it up."

Charles shivered. He could picture the whole thing from there on in, but he hungered for the details.

"She got talking about women work-

ing after they were married. She didn't believe in it. She said when she got married she wasn't even going to shoot any more. She said she wanted to marry a man who could take care of her. Someone big and strong, like . . . like . . ."

"Yes? Go on."

"Like me."

"I see," said Charles. And he did.

The two men sipped their drinks in a companionable way for a moment.

"When's the wedding?" Charles asked.

"Next week," Spencer replied.

"So soon?"

"Yes. Dorothy doesn't believe in long engagements. She says they are too tiring."

"I can see that they would be," Charles agreed.

They sat.

"But couldn't you . . .?" Charles began.

"No," said Spencer, "it wouldn't be any use."

"I suppose not," Charles agreed again. He finished his drink and thanked Spencer for the dinner.

"Coming to the movies with me?" he asked, as he put on his coat.

"No, thanks," Spencer refused quietly. "Dorothy told me, asked me, I mean, to meet her here. I came early. I don't like to be late."

"No, of course not. Well, so long then." And the two men shook hands solemnly.

As he went out Charles collided with a beautiful and confident young woman with a radiant smile. She did not notice him. But Charles stood for a minute, pondering upon what had thumped against his thigh so hard. Then he knew.

"The gun," he repeated softly to himself. And he shuddered as he hurried to his movie.

H'ED BEEN home only a few minutes when the phone rang. It was Spencer.

"Say, Charles," he began, cheerfully, "Dot and I have been talking things over, making plans, you know . . ."

"It's in her pocket this time," Charles couldn't help warning him.

"What?" asked Spencer. "Oh, Oh, yes. Well, it was but it's on the table now. But we were wondering, old fellow, if you'd like to be best man at the wedding?"

Charles swelled with pride. Spencer's wedding would be the most fashionable of the season. To be best man would put him right at the very centre of the social whirl. He saw himself surrounded by beautifully gowned women. He beamed.

"That's very nice of you, Spence," he began warmly, "and I'd be proud and happy . . ."

He paused. A sudden thought struck him. "By the way," he went on cautiously, "have you picked the bridesmaids yet?"

"The chief one will be Dorothy's sister," Spencer answered, "but we haven't chosen . . ."

Charles interrupted again. "Spencer," and his voice shook a little, "does she shoot?"

There was a small silence. Then he heard Spencer's voice, bluff and hearty. "Yes, yes, she does. As a matter of fact, it was she who taught Dorothy, I believe."

Charles gathered himself together. "As I was saying," he quavered, "I'd be proud and happy to be best man but it just so happens that I have to go to China next week and I shan't be back in time."

"Why, Charles!" Spencer mocked him, "what's the matter with you? You're not afraid of any little old gun, are you?" ★

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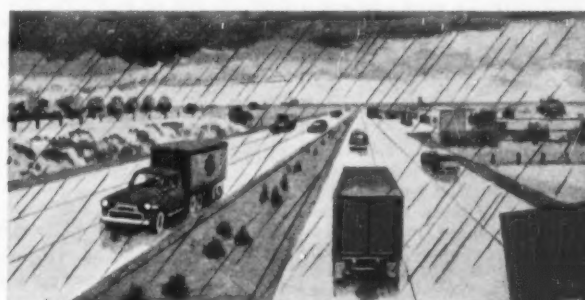
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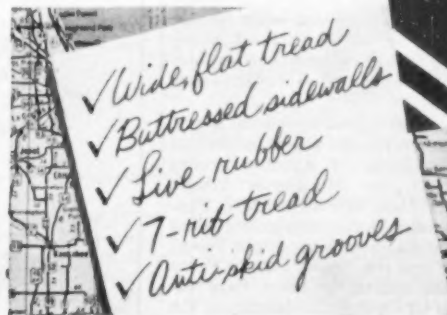
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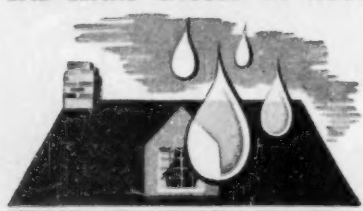


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Why I'm Voting Liberal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the doors of the company. So our government is carried on as unobtrusively as possible and described in language so correctly uninteresting that we turn from it in boredom and then find ourselves blamed for not paying as much attention to what goes on in Ottawa as in other capitals of the world.

I wish there were some reasonable alternative to re-electing the Liberals. After five years more of them how much life and spirit will be left in Ottawa? Governments which concentrate solely on economic management have ruined nations before now. During the century of the Five Good Emperors the government of Rome operated with such unobtrusive efficiency that two generations of Romans grew up with the assumption that it would go on like that forever. But when a bad emperor succeeded Marcus Aurelius everything fell apart in a few years. The Roman elite had lost the art of asking questions, and with it the art of government—which is so much more than the mere management of the nation's resources.

I fear the Liberals, not because they are bad but because, in their own narrow way, they are so extremely good.

Yet how else can I vote this summer? Assuming that my ballot indicates that the party I vote for is one I think could govern the country well, what other vote can I cast but a Liberal one?

As I live in the Province of Quebec, it is pointless even to consider the claims of Social Credit. They will run no candidate in my riding. Nor is the CCF likely to do so, either. In any case the CCF is in the position of a man whose store has been robbed, and robbed consistently, for more than ten years. The Liberals have lifted so much of Mr. Coldwell's stock and sold it under their own trade mark that he has been left with little of his own that would tempt me to buy.

So, whether I like it or not, the choice comes down to the two old parties.

For Mr. Drew personally I have a growing respect. Since the last election he has conducted himself with dignity and with more acumen than was expected of him. George Drew in total defeat increased his stature manifold. With the slenderest of resources he has done his best to provide some sort of opposition in the House. His position has been as unenviable as it has been frustrating but he has filled it so well that he has at last given the lie to that particularly exasperating Liberal refrain—"Why do we have to worry about going after the vote when George will get it for us?" A good many Canadians would be happy to see him form a government. But Mr. Drew—could you?

Do you lead a genuine federal party, or are you merely the titular head of an uneasy coalition of splinter groups demoralized by Mackenzie King's tactics and their own ineptitude? Suppose you should get into power what would you do about your Right Wing? The CCF and the British Labour Party have been willing to learn from experience but the political history of the last twenty years shows pretty conclusively that right-wing Republicans and right-wing Canadian Conservatives have learned nothing at all and continue to think with their blood pressures.

What, I ask myself—it would be tactless to embarrass Mr. Drew with

such a question—do the Conservatives stand for as a federal party? Are they going to offer us a policy, or are they merely going to reiterate that it is time for a change? Are they going to challenge the Liberals on a vital issue, or are they going to limit their attacks to desultory and irritable sniping at sub-departments like the CBC?

Above all, how high have the Conservatives raised their sights? In spite of the efforts of George Drew, John Diefenbaker and Donald Fleming, has the party made any real progress in what should be its major task—to reorganize itself on truly federal lines? The Conservative Party is weak today not as the result of an accident or an act of God. It is weak because of the sectionalism which blinded it in the past to the fact that a Canadian federal party can hope to form a government only if it draws its strength from the forces which unite us and abjures those which divide us.

In Quebec—and it is in Quebec that I will have to vote—the federal Conservatives will have to rely on Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale for any experienced support they can hope to obtain. This survival of the old *parti bleu* is the most rabidly sectional party in the whole of Canada. Apart from any personal opinion I may hold of Mr. Duplessis' attitude to labor and federal aid to universities, I can't help noticing that even his most ardent local supporters agree that Union Nationale is not for export. The basis of its appeal to the Quebec electorate lies in the very fact that it is *anti-federal*; that it answers on a purely local basis the Canadian's feeling that he needs a provincial government strong enough to stand up to Ottawa. In so far as the federal Conservatives in Quebec are the stepchildren of Union Nationale they are not a federal party at all.

So it looks as if I'm going to have to vote for the Liberals, like it or not. In so doing I can only hope—for I don't expect it—that in time they will realize that an absence of glaring errors does not add up to virtue, that silence is not a proof of wisdom, that government is more than management and that their own peculiar technique cannot possibly succeed forever. ★



Why I'm Voting Conservative

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

But C. D. Howe has been a cabinet minister in Canada for eighteen years, others of his colleagues also too long. Suiting their situations, some have become like the worst type of civil servant, dictatorially devoted to their own policies and practices. Who has not tangled with the inflexibility of this one type of civil-service mind at one time or another? And who has not felt the frustration of knowing what a vast mass of individual complaints it would take to remove a high civil servant from power? Still, some civil servants are fired from time to time and where it has been because of dishonesty their cases have been explored publicly. But in the political field where proof, if available, would hurt the party, no such public exploration took place in the recent uproar over a contractor named Lunam and his association with a Liberal member of Commons. The member was allowed to resign without any public official inquiry. I believe the public has a right to suspect that by closing off that case with a resignation the Liberals chose to shield from further examination the moral issues involved.

I saw a minstrel show a few weeks ago in which one end man accused another of being a drunkard, said he drank more than a bottle a day. The other end man replied, "Drink a bottle a day? Boy, Ah *spills* more than a bottle a day." We have to find someone who can use our national income without spilling so much.

Look at the Conservative Party calmly. They have been out of power for eighteen years. In that time they have been as good a national Opposition as you could expect in a House of Commons where the Liberals could listen to the Opposition for just long enough to appear to be observing the letter of democracy—then could go ahead and do what they were going to do anyway. By winning election after election the Liberals have become cocksure, ever more oppressive on opposition, with party discipline a substitute for genuine parliamentary rule.

I think the Conservatives in power would be different. For one thing, with the many new members they would need to form a government, they wouldn't have the machine power of the Liberals within the House. Even in the party leadership there wouldn't be the security enjoyed now by Liberal leaders. Nothing makes a good government as surely as strong opposition and within a political party the same principle must also apply. For years, particularly in the middle and late Forties when the British Conservatives were out of power, Churchill was never without the shadow of Anthony Eden, a friend and strong support—but also another strong potential leader for the British Conservatives. I think that a similar factor would work to make Mr. Drew a good prime minister. In addition to his vigor, comparative youth and his sure knowledge that his success or lack of it in office would govern his party's fortunes for another twenty years, he would know all the time that if he did not do his job as well as his party and people hope, a gentleman named Diefenbaker would be right at his elbow, well qualified for leadership.

From the Conservatives, if they were given power, I wouldn't look for many changes in our international policy. They might try to arrest our growing dependence on the United States, on



QUESTIONNAIRE FOR POLITICIANS

By BARRY MATHER

QUESTION: Who are politicians approached by?

ANSWER: Approached by friends and well-wishers.

QUESTION: What do friends and well-wishers want?

ANSWER: Want politician to allow his name to go forward.

QUESTION: Why do politicians yield and allow names to go forward?

ANSWER: In the hope of being able to make a contribution.

QUESTION: A contribution to whom?

ANSWER: To this great Canada of ours.

QUESTION: What type of people is politician ready to fight for?

ANSWER: Ready to fight for Little People, Plain People. Also Ordinary People.

QUESTION: Where does politician hold the interests of these people?

ANSWER: Holds interests close to heart.

QUESTION: What does politician say about taxes?

ANSWER: Says too much taxes.

QUESTION: What does politician say about services?

ANSWER: Says not enough services.

QUESTION: What kind of resources are to be found in this great Canada of ours?

ANSWER: Great natural resources.

QUESTION: What form of government does country need?

ANSWER: Needs stable form of government.

QUESTION: What does politician ask from voters?

ANSWER: Asks for mandate.

QUESTION: Does politician agree with any other politician?

ANSWER: Agrees with Fathers of Confederation and Sir Winston Churchill.

QUESTION: What does politician say on eve of election?

ANSWER: Says swing is to him . . . Says NEVER felt more confident.

QUESTION: What does politician say when defeated?

ANSWER: Says the people have spoken.

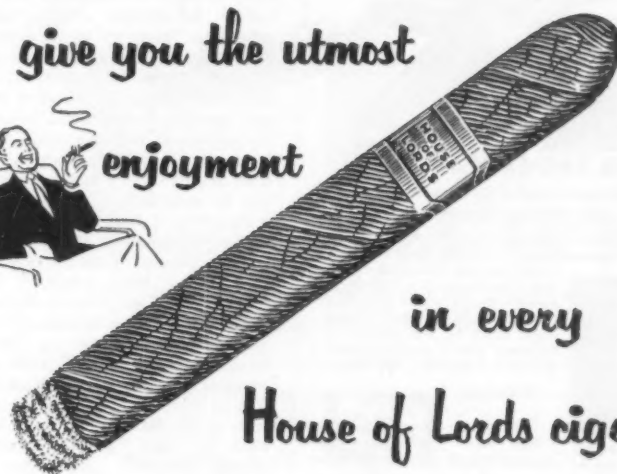
whose coattails we now either move or stand still. I think they would be a little tougher with the United States when the executives of that nation treat us, as they occasionally do, like a coattail tenant rather than a sovereign neighbor. But the major changes, I think, would be internal. If the Liberals lose this election it will be at least partly because of proved carelessness (from which some voters will suspect occasional dishonesty) in such internal affairs as letting our contracts and spending our funds. Such fallings

from grace are the result of over-confidence which comes from power held so long that the source of it is believed automatically renewable—instead of power given only by us at the polls. If the Conservatives were elected and re-elected and eventually became that confident of our support, and misused it, then it would be time to throw them out too. By that time perhaps the Liberals would have rediscovered the humility which is a sure adjunct of being out of office, and would be fit again to govern. ★

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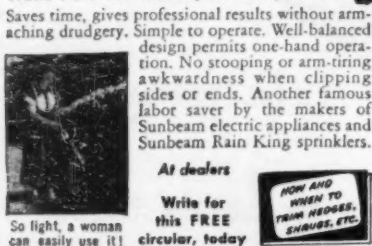


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Why I'm Voting Social Credit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

In 1931, while I was a student of money and banking at McGill, I obtained permission for Maurice Colbourne, the English actor and advocate of Social Credit, to lecture to our class. Stephen Leacock and Dr. J. P. Day were in favor of listening; but the day before the lecture was to take place orders to "stop it" came from above. Evidently the Board of Governors, Sir Edward Beatty and other directors of the Royal Bank, the Bank of Montreal, and the CPR considered Social Credit too heretical for the ears of McGill students. Today they probably realize that Social Credit is the only alternative to socialism.

Anyway, I had to give the lecture, and my classmates still twit me about the day Stephen Leacock and J. P. Day sat at my desk while I took the platform and lectured on Social Credit. Very few men in public life in those days dared admit having any interest in monetary reform. Eamon de Valera seemed to be a fearless leader of Eire. Yet in 1935 he told me during a reception at the British Embassy in Geneva that he was "greatly interested in Social Credit." Next day when I incorporated his views into an article and presented it for his approval, he denied having made any such statement. In fact his secretary told me "Mr. de Valera was livid with rage." So I tore up the article and mention the incident now only to show how even strong men like De Valera were afraid to show any public interest in monetary reform.

The shoe is changing to the other foot. Surely the "crackpots" today are the financial wizards who claim to have a "surplus in the budget" when each year they are slipping more deeply into debt? Surely the "crackpots" are those financial wizards who "beat inflation" by raising the price of toothpaste, soap, baby powder and other necessities through hidden sales and excise taxes.

Premier Manning and his government of Alberta have proved that Social Crediters are far from being "crackpots." Before Social Credit took over Alberta was one of the poorest financial risks in Canada. It is due to more than good fortune that Alberta is virtually debt-free today and her financial position is the envy of the nation. Social Crediters have given Alberta good government and the rest of us in Canada are sitting up and

taking notice in no uncertain way.

The people of British Columbia, fed up with Tweedledum and Tweedledee, have given Social Crediters a clear mandate to go ahead.

In Manitoba nobody voted Social Credit in 1949, but in 1953 nearly thirty-four thousand people voted for Social Credit candidates.

You may ask, "Why hasn't the government of Alberta put Social Credit financial measures into effect?" The reason is that it can't be done provincially; it must be done nationally. The federal government has exclusive mandate over credit and currency.

Major Douglas never intended Social Credit to become a political party. He believed his monetary theory would be put into practice by existing political groups. It never worked out that way, although R. B. Bennett admitted that the root of the trouble in the depression years was an outdated monetary policy. He added that the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Neville Chamberlain, agreed with him.

W. D. Herridge, who was our Minister to Washington when Roosevelt was pulling the U.S.A. from bankruptcy, tried to get the Conservative Party interested in monetary reform, but had to form his own political party. There have been Liberal voices for monetary reform, notably Senator A. N. McLean, of Saint John, the late Gerry McGeer, MP, brilliant mayor of Vancouver, and Arthur Slaght, MP, outstanding Toronto criminal lawyer.

But it appears that the new book-keeping system to pull us out of debt must come through the Social Credit Party itself, and it is obviously gaining the confidence of the people of Canada as it shakes off the anti-Semitic clap-trap that hampered it and proves its words by its works in Alberta and elsewhere. Solon Low and his colleagues in the House of Commons are continually gaining the respect of the people of Canada.

Social Credit is the answer to inflation and deflation. The present capitalist system cannot long survive the chronic drift into the whirlpool of higher prices and higher wages, nor can it survive another period of chronic unemployment and poverty in the midst of plenty. Monetary policy has to be redesigned to open up broader channels of trade. Because Social Credit is the only party with vision to keep the demand for monetary reform before the public, I shall vote Social Credit on August 10, even though our present Progressive Conservative member for Royal here in New Brunswick has often earned my admiration for the fight he puts up for us. ★



Why I'm Voting CCF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

poor and miserable, often through no fault of their own.

Nor do I like tyranny. Nowadays government is so dangerously powerful that I dare not trust it to a man who is not a democratic socialist; that is to say, a man who rules only by persuading people that they will help themselves by helping others. I dare not trust it in the hands of a man who has always believed that the proper thing to do is improve himself no matter who suffers. If he stands by this belief he is a Conservative; if it embarrasses him he is a Liberal. Still less do I dare trust the government to a man who thinks he has the inspired monopoly of all right thoughts. A fanatic is a deadly ruler; and Social Credit is a party of fanaticism.

But I do not expect perfection. Politics is the art of the possible. I am not a member of any party and from one election to the next I must make do with what I find. Just now I hear it said that the Liberals have been in power too long, and for that reason alone we should throw them out. I do not consider this a valid argument. If their conduct of affairs continued to be good there would be no reason for ordinary voters ever to throw them out, however much their long hold on office might exasperate rival politicians.

But their conduct of affairs has not been too good; and it is getting worse, though it is not yet as bad as some of the Conservative campaign promises, or threats, whichever way you look at them. The Petawawa scandal is not really important, or would not be if it were a single blemish. There are fools everywhere. But it is a question whether or not Petawawa is an indication of general inefficiency. I am not sure. But I am sure that secret orders-in-council are being used far too much and I am very upset that the Liberals do not seem to find a Bill of Rights as important as some other parties do.

They have, of course, carried out some reforms, mostly under pressure from the CCF or from the electorate. Many of them are marred by absurdities. For example, a party of real principle might have been readier to offend the dairy farmers in the question of margarine for the sake of pleasing everybody else. And we have old-age pensions of a sort; but I should like the honorable members who thought forty dollars a month enough to live on to try and do it for a month. In foreign affairs I must say the Liberal record (under pressure from the CCF) seems distinguished, and in domestic affairs, too, the Liberals have greatly helped French-English unity. I have heard many hard things said about Mr. St. Laurent but even in rock-ribbed Ontario I have never heard his behavior ascribed to his being a French Catholic. This is something of which we should all be very proud.

But for the most part the Liberals remain, to me, the League of Reluctant Reformers.

The Conservatives are much less fortunate. The respective provincialisms of Mr. Drew and Mr. Duplessis need to be constantly explained to each other and to the rest of the country. In foreign affairs the Conservatives are automatically (and I think unjustly) suspected of being too pro-British. But I do think the Conservatives are in fact very provincial by temperament and do in fact represent narrow sections of the community. I only wish they would come right out with it, and say: "We

think that what is best for the rich is best for the country. We hope you think so too, and therefore please vote for us."

But they are ashamed to run as pure Conservatives, the party that wishes to keep things as they are. Their real motto is: He governs best who governs least. Tariff protection for manufacturers, the turning over of public resources for private exploitation so that we may buy back our own property at an increased price—these things are not government. They are merely designed to prevent the interference of government. But I must say this: I think that among the Conservatives there are good and honest men who cherish and defend as much as any living Canadians the great old ideas of individual freedom, of liberty of expression and of inalienable rights before the law.

But what of Social Credit? There was a time when this party took its economics from Gilbert and Sullivan, its politics from the more obscure parts of the Book of Daniel, and its philosophy from a mixture of anti-Semitism and Puritanism, mitigated by a burning desire for better rural

HEY, WAITER

I'm remiss. I'm contrite,
and I know it's not right
To come late, as I frequently
do—
But the one thing I hate
more than making you wait
Is for me to be waiting for you!

TOM TALMAN

roads. Then oil was found in Alberta. Only recently British Columbia, no doubt impatient of the Liberal-Conservative coalition not having discovered oil beneath the Rockies, has turned to the avowed oil experts: Social Credit. I am sure B. C. will get much better rural roads.

As things now stand Social Credit has become the League of Disappointed Tories. It was reported in B. C. that unprincipled Conservatives had borrowed Bibles and joined Social Credit, and there is enough truth in this to make it less than funny. There is certainly nothing wrong in a political party seeking guidance from God. It is perhaps because I should like a better chance to try to act like a Christian that I am something of a socialist.

But I despise the implication that any one party has the monopoly of virtue. I despise the furious intolerance of any thought that does not correspond with fundamentalist dogma. Men who are so sure they are doing right soon become sure they can do no wrong. Social Credit is reaching this stage. Of all leading Canadian political parties it is the only one habitually opposed to freedom of thought without which all other freedoms are empty, and the only one that habitually shows the kind of intolerance that makes the theory of evolution a campaign issue. Anybody who thinks highly of our hardly won liberties must find Social Credit an object of distaste, danger and dismay.

So all that is left to me is to be an idealist. I believe in the dignity of man, in the infinite perfectibility of human affairs, in the power of kindness, the power of peace, and the collective wisdom of well-informed humanity. All these things make me an old-fashioned democratic Christian socialist; and as such it is my present intention to vote CCF. ★

Romance From The Birds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

and hold the attention of his future spouse during the months it takes for her to reach maturity. He is like a man with a child wife, who not only must wait patiently for time and nature to run its course, but must constantly pay court or else all will be in vain. The eggs of lyrebirds grow within the female's body only as long as she can see and hear her prospective mate. There is nothing he can do to force the issue except show off his bright feathers and sing, literally for the sake of his posterity. A pigeon when reared from birth in isolation does not lay eggs; but she will do so if she has a male in sight, or if her neck is tickled as though by a masculine beak. Childless couples may well take notice.

Song alone, though, is not enough. The lyrebird sings but he has his feathers too. But the bowerbird, who also sings wonderfully and has to cope with the same sort of situation, and looks little better than a crow, has to work hard to compensate for his lack of fine colors.

There is a surplus of bowerbird males so that no bird with an ounce of masculinity can afford to wait to take possession of his breeding territory—he who matures first gains possession. Without colored feathers to show off, he builds a grassy bower and decorates it with all the bright berries, leaves or any other shiny objects he can find—anything to hold the eye of his beloved and encourage her eggs to grow. She watches quietly while he works. Once in a while, like any woman, she wanders off and the sad bowerbird male takes his treasures down and piles them neatly in front of his bower, perhaps eating a few of the choicest berries. But, if she is still interested, his life for two or three months is a continual serenade.

When the bride is ready and willing she enters the bridal bower. Then she goes off to her nest—which is hers alone—to lay and hatch her eggs. They are firmly wedded for all that they keep separate establishments, and when the youngsters are able to walk she returns to her husband to unite her family, and to imprint upon their young minds the importance of the bower. What a bird first sees is all-important.

You cannot really get to know a bird, or anyone else, by peering at them through binoculars. You need the intimacy of living with them. I do not mean keeping a dog or a cat or a caged canary but opening your heart and home to less-domesticated and uncaged creatures. Konrad Lorentz, of Vienna, has given himself, body and soul, more thoroughly than any other man to the task of understanding animals—living with his family in the midst of what is essentially a zoo. His daughter, at five, knew each one of the many wild geese by their faces. Among Lorentz' closest acquaintances have been jackdaws, a whole colony of which he had installed in the roof of his house. At the time he wrote his book, *King Solomon's Ring*, there were thirty of them, and he knew each one of them as an individual, male or female, married or single, high or low in the social scale. Every one of them, he says, had a characteristic facial expression.

A jackdaw colony is society in miniature. Betrothal and marriage are no longer purely private affairs between two lovers. The whole social group recognizes the status and acts



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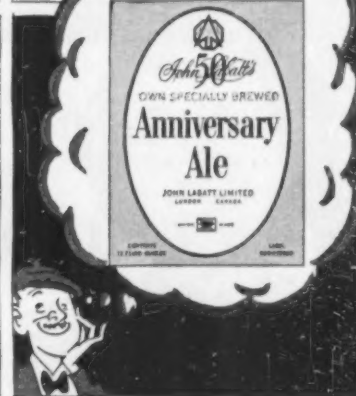
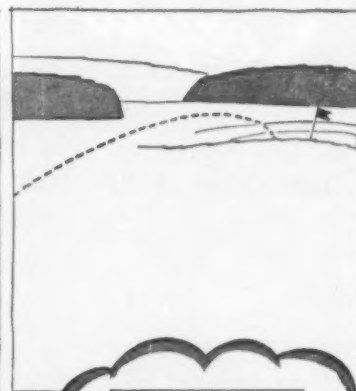
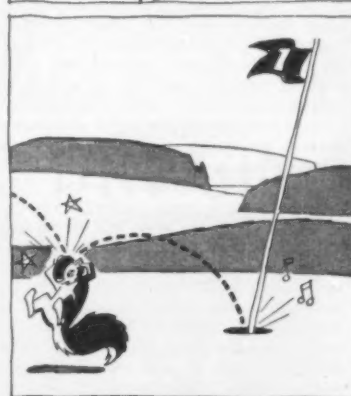
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accordingly. Each bird knows who every other bird is and exactly where he or she fits into the social scheme. The male with the most effective combination of personal courage, energy, physical strength and self-assurance becomes the despot. He can peck any other bird he wants, and take first place at the feeding tray. At the bottom of the scale is the one who can be pecked by more birds than any other. And in between are those who can be pecked by some but not by others. Each bird knows where it stands and is ready to give way to social superiors. The only contests are those between birds that rank next to one another; these continually test their respective merits. But high rankers simply ignore low graders and these in turn act humbly before their betters.

You would think the system would lead to constant quarreling, but it doesn't, any more than it does in human society. The despot prefers serenity within the colony and usually interferes when two other birds are squabbling, usually taking the side of the weaker. This is the background against which jackdaw love and courting take place.

One day a jackdaw returned to the Lorentz colony after having been away all summer, as full of self-confidence as most travelers who have taken care of themselves in distant parts. And he promptly dethroned the ruling tyrant and his consort. The deposed couple stepped down to second place, no further. The unmated newcomer looked around, fell in love with a young unattached female and within two days became publicly engaged. The female in question came from the bottom of the social pile. Marriage, however—with both birds and humans—raises a woman to the same rank as her husband, whether other wives and their menfolk like it or not. And in this case marriage raised the little low-ranker to the top of the social ladder, immune from even a dirty look. Every other jackdaw at once recognized her new position, and so did she. All her previous timidity disappeared, she snubbed and humiliated her former superiors, and in general behaved in a vulgar, despicable but all-too-familiar human manner.

Among birds—and again the parallel with humans is obvious—a male courts a married woman at his peril. A bird widow also has her troubles. She cannot raise the rank of a male by marrying him, and she cannot or will not descend the social scale herself. If she has previously been married to a high ranker she can only prospect among high-ranking widowers or bachelors, but her age is against her. And widows are not wealthy in the avian world.

Jackdaw marriages never are broken except by death, and only once did Lorentz see a young couple break up during the engagement period. The engaged couple were perfectly content with one another and left alone they would have lived out their lives together. But a younger female intruded upon their bliss and, uninvited, caressed the male. She was driven off repeatedly, viciously by the female, half-heartedly by the male, but never for long; and at last she stayed and made a trio. Then one day, when the true fiancée was momentarily absent, the youth and the siren flew off together, possibly to live happily ever after in some other community unaware of their misbehavior.

Not all birds, however, pick their partners and stay with them, even for a season. Turtle doves, those symbols of true love with their beaks intertwined, do nothing of the sort. The cooing dove is a gay deceiver, the Don Juan

of the birds. Once a female has surrendered to the sweet persistence of his cooing, he abandons her and moves on to another conquest.

Unsuccessful males among birds generally accept their status gracefully. They may hope for further opportunity but do nothing to bring it about. The robin sings first to claim his territory, then he sings to attract his mate; but if he fails and has neither home nor wife he sings in boredom from the top of a tree. Singing is his only outlet. Only when accidents happen to the wedded males do the bachelors step in to take their places.

How far the females may dominate the sexual circumstance and how far some birds have gone from any comparable human situation is shown by the behavior of ruffs. These are birds of which the sexes might well belong to separate species, they spend so little time in the company of each other. In springtime the males assemble on a communal breeding ground. After some fairly harmless sparring among themselves each male acquires a little piece of land of his own, a couple of feet across, which no other bird will challenge. They preen, they sigh, they practice ecstatic attitudes that leave them almost in a swoon, until early one morning the females, known as reeves, begin to arrive. Then each male fluffs out his ruff of feathers, assumes a stiff ecstatic position with head down in supplication, and stands perfectly still in his own little plot. The newly arriving reeves wander among the gentlemanly ruffs at pleasure, indicating by a slight touch of the beak those that appeal to them, and mate with whom and as often as they please.

The prairie chicken performs in much the same way in southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan. There is the same assembly of males at the communal breeding ground, the same visiting by promiscuous females who select such males as please their eye, and the subsequent separation of the sexes for much of the time. But the prairie cock is more manly, drums and struts in a most imposing manner and demands and holds a larger ground. Yet even here there is more fuss than fighting among the males. Often enough, instead of fighting, two cocks will advance toward each other and stand in an ecstatic state with eyes closed; the first one to come to and open an eye steals away and leaves the other alone.

Usually when the sex ratio is unequal the males are the ones that are in excess, but in the case of the redwinged blackbird the females far outnumber the males. The bird is intensely social and may form communities of as many as two hundred thousand individuals. Within the group each male holds about six square feet of personal territory and erects his red epaulettes and flutters down the cattails as an invitation to a passing female to mate and nest with him. First come is first served.

Yet tender passion and faithfulness generally are the rule in the world of birds—often for a lifetime, usually at least long enough to raise a brood, and even the alternative of promiscuity is arranged with all decorum. There is no vulgarity, no enforced submission, no divorces—only these are truly human. ★

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THAT CORONATION ISSUE

Your graceless remarks regarding the British Empire in your misleading editorial of June 1 are not in accordance with historical facts . . . You would have your readers believe that there is no such thing as the British Empire today—that its successor as you tell us is the Commonwealth. Yet Bruce Hutchison informs us in his excellent article that today the British Empire covers one quarter of the world's habitable surface with a population of six hundred and fifty million people, representing one fifth of the world's inhabitants. I heartily agree with your pessimistic comment in the final paragraph . . . that your theme is not very elevating or inspiring for a Coronation editorial.—Francis E. Williams, Toronto, Ont.

● The articles, The Family in the Palace, by Pierre Berton are very destructive in attitude to the Royal Family, especially our young Queen . . . Does Berton really believe that decent, self-respecting, educated people believe his lies? . . . He must have a very low mental or should I say moral outlook on life. Perhaps I should say both. He is not a good writer and he is as bad as any Communist.

Now for Bruce Hutchison, another troublemaker, who is trying to break down the morale of our people of the Dominion of Canada. Note—I say Dominion. By reading his screed one is lead to believe he wants all the trouble possible to come to the Mother Country. . . . Who is Hutchison anyway? He too is doing more harm in Canada than the Communists for whom we are ever on the watch . . . My motto to my pupils always was, "Fear God! Honor the King! Right Wrong!" God Save Our Queen.—Ada S. MacDonald, Pictou, N.S.

● "Since no human institution can endure forever," that is the first sentence of your article in Maclean's

Pierre Berton, it looks as if nothing in his life has been pure, and clean, and altogether lovely. —Bertha Madden, Toronto.

● I am sorry to see your otherwise quite decent magazine climb aboard the "Monarchy train" . . . Canadians are not monarchists, regardless of what Mr. Hutchison says or thinks.—D. B. L., Nipigon, Ont.

● The Family in the Palace is rubbish. —Charles H. Price, Saskatoon, Sask.

● . . . shameful . . . —Elsie Stanford, Calgary, Alta.

● . . . shocking . . . —Marion R. Hoskins, Toronto.

● . . . revolting, scurrilous, disloyal, cheap, common . . . —Mrs. Isobel Boyd, Montreal.

● I prefer to believe Marion Crawford. —B. A. Shilleth, Hamilton, Ont.

● In my opinion the series is interesting, informative and above all makes the Royal Family seem like real people. It's time some folks took off their rose-colored glasses when they look at our Royal Family and woke up to the fact that they are human beings not gods, who have the same emotions as anyone else.—Winifred Maples, Cobble Hill, B.C.

● Applause to Bruce Hutchison for his penetrating analysis on the Commonwealth. —H. Warburton, Riverbend, Que.

● I wish to congratulate you on your very fine Coronation issue. Your articles and stories were in the very best taste, combining wisdom, and a finely restrained humor and pride. Coming from Britain last year, I was at first rather lost among the livid



June 1 issue. I am writing this to remind you that British Crown and Commonwealth is not a human institution. You see it was set up by God some three thousand years ago and in spite of all humans can do will endure another thousand, so it seems there are some things you are not familiar with. You may convey to Mr. Bruce Hutchison to whom you seem to have delegated the task of pulling the Commonwealth to pieces, "that it may indeed be that we will be joined with United States," but when that happens it will be the United States joining up with the Commonwealth . . . As for

literature on sale at most book stands, however Maclean's stood out from among the rabble—and continues to do so.—Derek Gemmell, Fredericton, N.B.

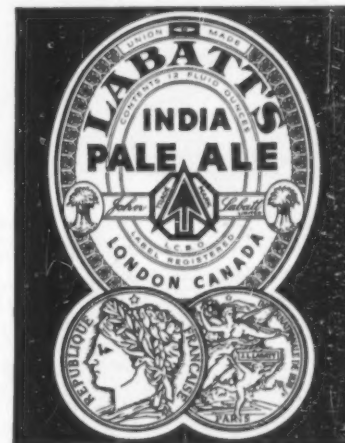
● Re the Berton royalty articles. You certainly have shocked the Tory-minded. Their trouble is they've been dieted too long on the sycophantic writings of royal servitors, etc., and this Canadian approach seems crude and disloyal thereafter. I like it for its freshness and realism . . . Good for old man Berton!—James F. Kirkham, Toronto. ★

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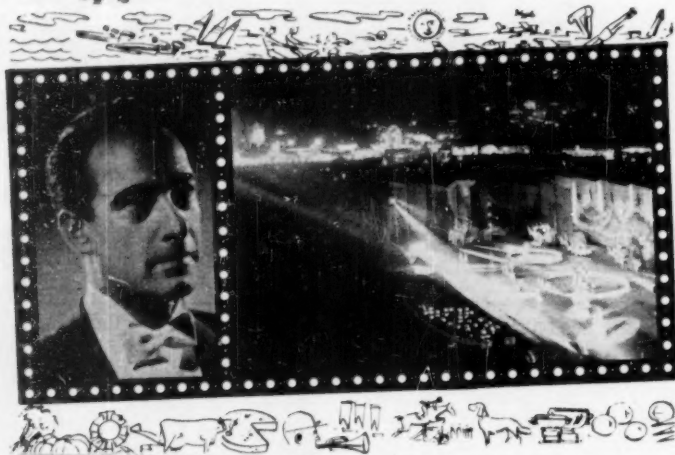


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THE greenkeeper at a Winnipeg golf course is still hunting for the frustrated golfer who vented his rage on the fairway one Saturday recently. Around the thirteenth hole the golfer apparently threw in the sponge and carved a single word in the turf, in letters eight feet long and four feet high:

HELL

• • •

A newcomer to Hamilton, Ont., struck up a friendship with his neighbor, an amiable fellow who liked to garden in plaid shirt and blue jeans.

One day the newcomer asked where he and his wife might find a church. "Well, I'm a Presbyterian myself," said the neighbor.

"Fine. What church do you attend and where?"

"Well, my wife would be glad to drive you over on Sunday. I have some things to attend to but I'll be there later."

On Sunday the trio drove to church and the new couple enquired, "When will your husband be along?"

"You'll see him soon," said the wife.

They did, too. Their friend of the jeans and plaid shirt stepped into the pulpit in parson's vestment.

• • •

A young Toronto widow was to be remarried, with a two-week honeymoon at a Lake Muskoka resort. She and her fiancé planned to take her ten-year-old daughter by a previous marriage along on the trip.

However, only the two families concerned were aware of this ar-



rangement. Many of the wedding guests didn't even know there was a small daughter.

Which explains the hush which fell over the wedding reception when the bride and groom, who'd momentarily forgotten the child and were trying to slip away quietly, were brought up short by a shrill girlish voice, "Hey—wait for me."

• • •

Maybe they're referring to shooting-irons of the cap-pistol variety or maybe the west really is wild and woolly. Anyway, the sign in a Kitimat, B.C., schoolhouse warns: "Pupils not to take guns out of holsters during school hours."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A Chester, N.S., woman planted a vegetable garden at her new cottage and asked a friend to buy some fertilizer for her. He, in turn, had a third party order a bag and send it over to the gardener.

When the bag arrived, its contents looked like fertilizer but lacked that distinctive odor. Still, assuming her friend knew what he was doing, the woman dug the powdery stuff into the ground and waited. The rain came.

Now she cultivates her garden



with a chisel. In the relay of orders somebody made a mistake and shipped her powdered cement.

• • •

Overheard in a Lethbridge five-and-ten-cent store, as two women stopped to look at jars of minnows on sale for bait: "Oh, I wouldn't buy those if I were you. I got a jar last week and they tasted awful!"

• • •

A young mother with a brand-new baby boarded a bus in Vancouver, only to find the last seat had just been taken. She prepared to stand but the bus didn't move. Then the driver rose. "Here you are, lady," he called, "Have my seat. I won't need it while you're standing up."

There was a second of silence, then a ripple of guilty laughter as several people sprang up and the mother slipped gratefully into a seat.

• • •

In Guelph, Ont., a man phoned the fire department to warn them that he was going to burn some trash in his back yard. "If anyone turns in an alarm from my place, ignore it," he assured them. "May be a little smoke but everything'll be all right."

But his bonfire spread to the woodpile and when he ran for his fire extinguisher it was missing. The panicky householder spent a miserable five minutes convincing the firemen that he really did need them, after all.

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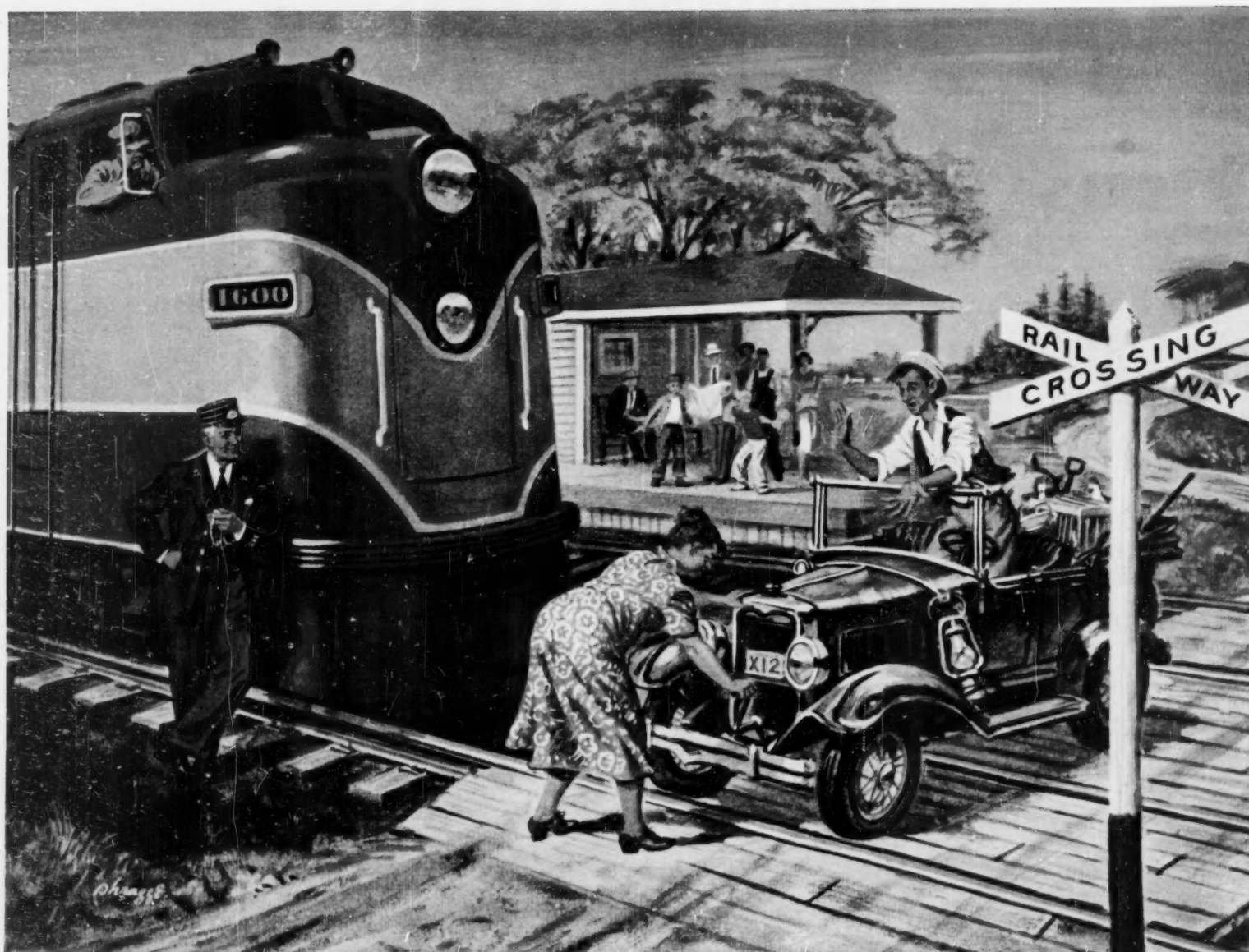
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